

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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# Bishop Bradley



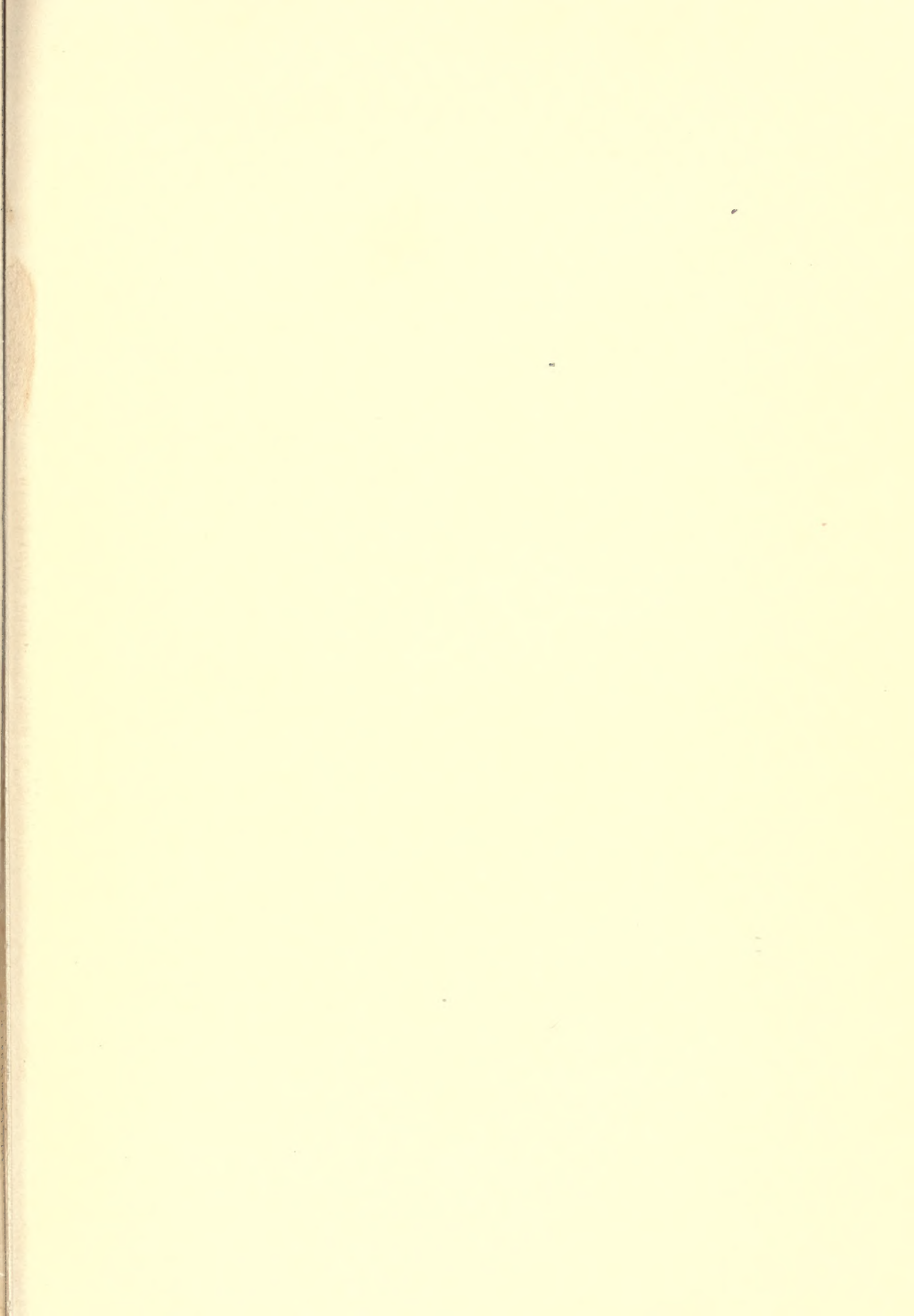
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James M. Brady  
Bishop of Manchester

The Life of  
**Denis M. Bradley**

First Bishop of Manchester

By

M. H. D.



*A. J. Simard  
8 Nov.  
1905*

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## PREFACE.

At the time of the death of Bishop Bradley, it was my intention to write his biography. All my priestly life had been spent in his service; six years had been passed in his household as his secretary and chancellor. Few had the opportunity of knowing him so well, and no one appreciated or loved him more than I. The work of gathering material for the "Life" had begun, when it pleased the Holy See to name me his successor in office. The tasks his dying hands relaxed fell to me to take up again, and this left little time for the compiling of a biography, however congenial that work would be.

Fortunately, another was found to tell this life story, one who had had exceptional opportunities for knowing the subject, and who undertook the work in a spirit of grateful recognition to the bishop passed away. How successfully the work has been done, the reader must judge; but I feel that the presentation of such a book must accomplish two things. It will perpetuate the memory of one whom the world can ill afford to forget, especially that little portion of it, the diocese of Manchester, for which he lived and died. It will prove a source of edification and inspiration for the spiritual children he has left behind.

The biographies of many distinguished churchmen, and of holy men and women, often leave a disappointing impression upon us. They seem to portray im-

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possible personages by reason of the very perfections attributed to them. This does not mean that the story told is not true. No, the defect comes from a distorted view presented to us. One side of the character is developed and enlarged, while the rest remains entirely hidden or is barely touched upon, and the consequence is that we feel these great ones have little in common with us of ordinary mold. While we admire them, they fail to move us; while they edify us for the moment, they exert no lasting influence on our lives. They never awake in us the desire to emulate their example. Whatever the defects of this sketch, we feel such will not be found its fault. This life story of Bishop Bradley is told in simple, straightforward fashion. All sides are touched upon, lovingly and truthfully. Where it is possible, he himself is made to speak. The result portrays the well-rounded character of a man of God wherein nature is perfected by grace.

For more than twenty years he walked among us. The world looked upon him as a devoted priest of God, an able, zealous bishop of Holy Church. We knew him as a father and a friend. He shared all things with us save our weaknesses, and these he pitied, and remedied where he could. Such a life does not cease with the living. It goes on after death to be an inspiration to those who follow.

In the office of the breviary it is said of a great and holy pontiff, "*Admirabilia sunt quae dixit, fecit, scripsit, decrevit.*" So may we summarize the life of Bishop Bradley. Admirable, indeed, were the words

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he spoke, whether as preacher, counsellor, or friend; admirable the works he accomplished for God's greater glory and for the betterment of man; admirable the writings he has left us; admirable the wise and prudent decrees by which he established and governed the diocese committed to his care. But more admirable than all these were the holy life and death of the saintly first bishop of Manchester.

✠ JOHN B. DELANY,  
*Bishop of Manchester.*

Feast of St. Rose of Lima,  
August 30, 1905.











## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY YEARS.

A figure of medium height, slender, erect, dignified; regular features, to which a peculiarly sweet smile and eyes bright with the light of holiness, gave a wonderful charm; a voice deep, rich, sympathetic; a grave yet gracious demeanor; in all, such a combination of sweetness and strength, of delicacy and power, as was capable of winning souls of almost every type,—this is the picture memory paints of that rarely beautiful character, the saintly first bishop of Manchester.

From its very simplicity, the life of a man like Bishop Bradley is difficult to write. Many good and holy souls have at some time in their lives lapsed from grace or stepped aside from the appointed path, only to be brought back by the hard road of suffering and penance to a state even holier than before. Their mistakes and corrections, their purification by the fire, as it were, of interior trial and mortification, make a story of absorbing interest. The lives of others have been cast in times or places that afforded the exercise of heroic courage. Such may have been missionaries in new or heathen lands; soldier priests; martyrs to a cause,—a Marquette, a Camillus, a Damien. Heroes they, whose glories speak for themselves!

To none of these classes does the subject of this biography belong. Like St. Francis of Sales, he

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never fell from grace, never turned for a moment aside from the strait path to perfection. His lot was cast, for the most part, in pleasant places; his duties were such as fall to every priest, every bishop, in this day and country of ours. There is, then, in his life no outward circumstance that sets it apart from the lives of others similarly situated. The perfection of his career lay not in the accomplishment of extraordinary things, but in the supernatural performance of ordinary duties. It is not easy to tell of such a life. Its externals may be exactly counted and noted—the sermons delivered, the buildings erected, the charities distributed, the affairs administered; but the spirit that animated these—the purity of intention, the fervent love that made exquisite the least act—this can be measured and revealed in its fullness only on that day when “we shall know as we are known.”

A youth of angelic purity, a priest of apostolic zeal for souls, a bishop whose influence extended far beyond the narrow limits of his diocese, the story of his noble life is best recorded in the works of his hands and in the hearts he inspired with love for God and for His kingdom upon earth. But buildings can not speak and men may not live always. So it has been thought well to preserve the story in other form—brief and imperfect though that form must be—less for the edification of those amongst whom he lived and who therefore need it not, than for the enlightenment of those who will come after and reap the fruit of what he sowed.

## *Early Years*

The early history of Bishop Bradley is soon told. Born at Knockeen, near Castleisland, County Kerry, Ireland, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1846, he was the first child of Michael Bradley and Mary Kerins. Later, three other sons and two daughters were born,—Patrick, Mary Agnes, Margaret, Cornelius, and John. John died in infancy; Margaret, at the age of nine; the others, though they lived to take honorable parts in the world's work, died in comparative youth, the last, Cornelius, passing away some thirteen years before the death of his lamented brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were of sturdy Irish stock, sober, God-fearing people, held in high respect in the community where they lived. Mr. Bradley was the steward of a gentleman's estate, and is spoken of by those who remember him as a man of quiet dignity, whose judgment and counsel were often sought by his neighbors, and whose authority in his own family was supreme. No higher tribute can be given him than that paid him in after years by his wife, who, whenever she heard sung the praises of her eldest son, would say, "Yes, he is a good man, but not one bit better than his father before him."

Of Mrs. Bradley, more will be said later, though her life is so inseparably connected with that of her priest-son that to write of one is to write of both. Suffice it here to say that she was a perfect type of devoted Irish mother, and gave her children every possible training in the pious practices of the Catholic faith.

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The first baby was christened Denis Michael, but a great devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, which seemed to be part of his nature and to strengthen with it, prompted him to take at ordination the name of Mary, and it was as Denis Mary Bradley that the people under his jurisdiction in later years knew him. At a tender age, Denis went to a little school kept by Maurice Doran, an old-fashioned master, who followed the ancient custom of compelling refractory pupils to cut with their own hands the birches with which he chastised them. He was a good instructor, however, and Denis made quick progress in the fundamentals of education.

One morning, in the spring of 1854, Mr. Bradley was taken suddenly ill. The attack seemed slight enough, and neighbors who happened in were surprised to hear Mrs. Bradley declare her intention of getting the priest. In vain they remonstrated, in vain her husband himself tried to dissuade her. She declared that she was impelled to go, and go she did the ten miles to town and brought the priest back with her. He, too, declared that he could see no signs of death, but, in view of the distance, he gave the sick man the last sacraments. That night a change for the worse came, and morning found the husband and father dead. Almost immediately, a fresh grief came to the mother in the death of her youngest child, a baby but a few months old.

Mrs. Bradley was then but twenty-six years of age, and Denis, the oldest of her five children, was but eight. The task of providing for so many helpless

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little ones might well have daunted a woman stronger of body than she. Always frail and delicate of appearance, she seemed almost too weak to sustain so hard a blow. But that slender body sheltered a strong and resolute will, and she took up her burden without a murmur. Under the new conditions, however, a change of some kind was imperative.

Those years immediately following the terrible famine days in Ireland were years of sore distress. Already the exodus to America had begun, and every boat leaving Irish ports bore away hundreds of souls, poor in this world's goods, but rich in Catholic faith and Christian hope. Their trials did not end when they left the Irish shore. The voyage was long—weeks, instead of days; ship-fever sent many to an ocean grave; those who survived the voyage encountered the rigors of a harsh climate and the hardships of manual labor at tasks to them new and strange. Existence, even, was a hardship, and many a man gave up the fight and found death where he had looked for life. Yet “the battle is not always to the strong.” Many a woman, deprived of a husband's support, came, fought, and conquered! Among these was Mrs. Bradley. Having heard from a sister in Manchester of the opportunities in far-away America, hither she came with her little children, not many months after her husband's death.

For a time she made her home with her sister on Vine Street, but later she hired a house on Laurel Street, and for a few months took boarders. Of her struggles in those first days in the new land, Mrs.



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Bradley used often to speak: meats were high, potatoes were scarce, and, manage as skilfully as she could, she was able barely to hold her own. So, after a few months, she secured employment in one of the mills and remained there until conditions again warranted her in opening a boarding-house. This she then did and for many years thus supported the family.

Her great consolation in those trying days was the love and devotion of her oldest son. Though a mere boy, he was so sensible, so earnest, so full of affection and sympathy that, to quote her own words, he "almost filled his father's place." On Sundays and vacation days he would get his brothers and sisters together and take them off on long walks to quiet nooks in the woods. There he would tell them of their father, of Castleisland, and the little home across the sea; would repeat legends of their native land, of the Christ-child, and the saints. Then, as evening approached, he would lead them safely back to the gentle mother, whose only jewels they were.

The future bishop attended, for a short time, a little private school kept by Marcus Brosnan. Then he and the other children went to the first parochial school established in the city, in the basement of St. Anne's Church, taught by Mr. Thomas Corcoran, the pioneer Catholic schoolmaster in New Hampshire. Later, when the school was transferred to the old Park Street building, they, of course, continued to attend, not the daily sessions only but the evening classes, also conducted by Mr. Corcoran. The same thoughtfulness that he displayed in his family relations charac-

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terized the boy at school. Though not a leader in his classes, he maintained always a rank above the average and even then showed remarkable powers of concentration.

His first Holy Communion had been made in Ireland, where children are allowed to approach the sacred table at a much earlier age than in this country. He received the sacrament of confirmation in old St. Anne's, having made his preparation with Mother Warde, foundress of the Order of Mercy in this country. In vacations, he worked in the mill, where, upon finishing his course at the Park Street school, he found permanent employment. Day after day the boy labored uncomplainingly at tasks entirely at variance with his tastes and inclinations. He made no complaint, but while his fingers were busy with shuttle and loom his thoughts were occupied with a purpose already formed in his mind. One evening, after he had been working for some time, he said to his mother, "Do you think, mother, that after a few years you could spare me to let me go to be a Brother?" Perhaps the question was not so unexpected as he had imagined it would be. At any rate, the reply came without hesitation, "Yes, son." Then, after a pause, she added, "But would n't you rather be a priest than a Brother?" "Oh, yes, mother!" he eagerly exclaimed, "but how could I get the education?"

"If you want to be a priest, son, you shall have the education, God helping me!"

Nothing further was said then, but very soon Mrs.

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Bradley sought Father McDonald, the only priest then in the city, and told him that her son Denis wished to become a priest. Father McDonald, supposing of course that she had no means, said rather shortly that times were hard (war times) and her son had better attend to his work. With a touch of pardonable pride in her tone, Mrs. Bradley informed him that she had come to get advice, not money, as she had saved and had with her then three hundred dollars in gold, and would herself earn and pay whatever more would be needed. Father McDonald's surprise can be readily imagined when it is remembered that the premium on gold coin at that time made the modest three hundred dollars nearly a thousand. He told her she was "a wonderful woman," and agreed to arrange for the young man's entrance at Holy Cross College in Worcester. It was always a delicate point with Mrs. Bradley that some people who did not understand the circumstances believed that her son was indebted to Father McDonald for his education, whereas she earned every penny that it cost.







## CHAPTER II.

### COLLEGE AND SEMINARY.

In September, 1864, Denis Bradley entered Holy Cross College. This is the first Catholic college opened in New England. Because of its distinctively religious character, it was for several years refused a state charter, and its graduates received their degrees from Georgetown University, the late Bishop Healy of Portland being the first graduate to take his degree from Holy Cross itself. The students of forty years ago enjoyed none of the luxuries that the boys of today regard as necessities. Rooms warmed in winter were unknown, and many a time the future bishop had to break the ice in his pitcher before he could wash his face and hands in the morning. But sturdy characters were developed there, and Holy Cross points with pride to scores of those boys whose achievements in later years give glory to her record.

At the time of his entrance here, Denis Bradley was a little over eighteen years of age, but, thanks to the care and responsibilities that conditions had already forced upon him, he was mature and wise beyond his years, which accounts in part for his rapid progress in his studies. He began in rudiments; at the end of his second term he was promoted to the third class of humanities, and the next year to second humanities. In the middle of his second year, by an unusual promotion, he was advanced to first humanities, the

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lower of the senior or collegiate classes, and the next year he entered the class of poetry. This last-named class was the largest in the history of the college up to that time, as it was also one of the most worthy, its members, most of whom afterwards became priests, being possessed of remarkable talent. Their professor of mathematics said they did work for him that not forty men in the country could do; their work in English composition was far above the ordinary; and their talent did not lie in these two lines alone. Our future bishop was not the best of them either in mathematics or in the writing of English prose and verse, but at the end of the year he was awarded first honors in general studies, particularly Latin and Greek.

The young man was a model student. He was earnest, conscientious, pious, and, though graver than most of his fellows, was not uncompanionable nor was he shunned by them. On one day of each month, the boys were allowed to write as a class exercise letters to their people at home, which were passed to the professor for correction and suggestion. The matter in these letters was of course regarded by the instructor as confidential, but young Bradley's teacher recalls how faithful he was to avail himself of this privilege, how full were the accounts he gave of his daily life, how affectionate the messages he sent to the little band at home.

It is safe to say that no criticism was ever lost upon him. One incident in particular had an influence upon him through life. An English composition was

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one day returned to him with the injunction that he write it over in half the number of words. This so impressed him with the need of condensing and of avoiding the use of words without ideas that he never afterwards failed to work over with this end in view anything he had written. To the habit thus formed is due doubtless the clearness and brevity that characterized his speech, whether written or spoken.

During his first year at college, the Civil War came to an end. When Lee surrendered, the president of Holy Cross suggested that the students celebrate the event, as a mark of loyalty. Accordingly, that night the building was illuminated by means of a lighted candle placed at every one of the small panes of glass in the front windows. To watch the candles and to guard against fire, two boys were stationed in each room. It happened that young Bradley was one of the sentinels in a room occupied by a southern member of the faculty, whose sympathies were entirely with the defeated side, and who made the hours of watching miserable for the boys at the candles. They never forgot the experiences of that night.

From Holy Cross, Denis Bradley went, in 1867, to the seminary at Troy, New York, where he made his course of philosophy and theology. With what high purpose he entered upon this more particular preparation for his life-work is shown by the set of rules with which his spiritual diary for that time opens. The dedication of the little book is in these words:—

“O my beloved Saviour, I offer myself to you now

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without reserve. I consecrate myself entirely to your service, and resolve to do nothing but what will appear to me pleasing to you. But, my God, since of myself I can do nothing, I beseech you to grant me your protection and that of your most holy Mother and my patron saints and especially of St. Rose of Lima, in order that I may serve you as I desire and as you demand."

Then follow the rules, from which a few have been selected as of general interest:—

I. Remember that you are in this world as a drop in the ocean: before you were, everything went well without you; after you are gone, your absence will not be noticed; even now you are not known. Since, then, you are as nothing to the world, let the world be as nothing to you.

II. Remember that your position in the world is that of a slave sent here by your Master to do a certain work; your reward will depend upon the manner in which you do this work. Know that a faithful slave does his work well, and has no reason for feeling proud out of what he is obliged to do. Know also that you can not foresee the moment when your Master will call upon you to give an account of how you have labored.

III. Remember that you are one day, with the assistance of God, to become a priest. Meditate well what it is to be a priest; know that it is to be another Christ; then imitate Him in all your actions. He served the Father upon earth—from Him you will learn how to serve.

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IV. Remember that it is necessary to break with the world in every respect if you wish to serve God and imitate Christ.

V. Remember that if you would be a good priest you must be a good seminarian.

VI. What is necessary for the making of a good seminarian? The entire observance of the rule of the house, to which, with the advice of your director, add the following:

1. Offer all actions to Almighty God in the morning, and, as far as possible, each action, which you will do as if it were the last of your life.

2. In the morning, before prayers, read one chapter of the "Imitation of Christ," then make a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

3. Make the object of your particular *examen* the application of yourself to what you are doing. At the close of each hour say to yourself, "What account can you render of the past hour?" and ask Jesus and Mary to assist you during the next hour.

4. At meals, and wherever else you can, without notice, practice some act of self-abnegation, especially detachment from everything that may draw your attention from the great end in view—know always that a priest should be an example in everything for his people. Never do a pious act in order that you may be seen by men.

VII. Do violence to yourself. Recognize always in the will of your spiritual director the will of God.



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VIII. Since you must labor, do not waste a single moment in useless conversations, thoughts, or acts.

Then comes his more particular rule for the different hours of the day. Every moment, it would seem, is provided for: prayer, meditation, reading of Scripture and of spiritual books, study and recitation, visits to the Blessed Sacrament—each act one calculated to bring increase of piety and knowledge to himself, greater glory to the Master he was preparing so faithfully to serve.

His love for the Blessed Mother of God, so noticeable during his later life, was manifest even in these days. The formula of his admission to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, yellow with age, was found hanging in his bedroom on the day of his death.

At the seminary, as at college, his zeal and piety were edifying alike to teachers and students. Here, too, a correction similar to that noted at Holy Cross, though of no great importance in itself, had lasting influence. The spiritual reading that is always an accompaniment of meals at the seminary, was done by the students in turn. In the course of time young Bradley's turn came. When he had finished reading the assigned chapter of Thomas à Kempis, he was told to read it all over again from the beginning, as he had not been understood. To the humiliation he suffered that day was due, he often declared, whatever merit he afterwards acquired as a clear, distinct speaker.

Once during these years he was for a time a victim to scrupulosity. He had been ordained sub-deacon.

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This order imposes the obligation of the daily recitation of the Office of the breviary, which usually takes less than one hour for its performance. On his way home for vacation, it took our young seminarian all the time from Troy, N. Y., to Manchester to say the Office of the day, and even then it was not completed to his satisfaction when he reached this city. A few days afterward, he went to Father McDonald and told him his troubles about this duty. The old gentleman listened patiently, then suggested that they say the Office together. They started in, reading alternate verses, but had not proceeded far when the new sub-deacon began to repeat. After several such interruptions, Father McDonald said abruptly, "Hand me that book." Closing it and laying it aside, the aged priest continued, "Now when you get over this nonsense, you may begin to say your Office again." After a few days of anxiety and concern, Denis was able to take a reasonable view of the matter. He returned to Father McDonald and, having convinced him that he was cured of his scruples, was given his breviary once more. He was never thus troubled again.

Having received, at appointed intervals during his four years at the seminary, the different degrees of minor orders, the young man was ordained to the priesthood on June 3, 1871, by the Rt. Rev. Bernard McQuade, Bishop of Rochester. He said his first mass in Troy, then left the seminary for home, "instructed," as St. Paul says, "for every good work." So well instructed was he, indeed, that the habits

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formed at Troy remained with him always: fidelity to a regular life; practice of mental and vocal prayer; respect for authority; daily advancement in spiritual perfection,—these characteristics of the good seminarian Father Bradley, as priest and as bishop, ever retained.





## CHAPTER III.

### THE YOUNG PRIEST.

Father Bradley's first appointment was as curate at the cathedral in Portland, Me., under the Rt. Rev. David W. Bacon, D. D. Two years later, another member of the family came to Portland. His favorite sister, Mary Agnes, had entered the Order of Mercy in Manchester shortly after her brother went to Troy, and had been sent, after her profession, to Whitefield, Me. In 1873 she was transferred to St. Elizabeth's Convent in Portland where, during most of the remaining seven years of Father Bradley's service in that city, she was superior. With two of her children thus located in Portland, Mrs. Bradley deemed it wise for her to remove thither. She soon did so, and enrolled her younger sons, Cornelius and Patrick, at Bowdoin College.

Though far from strong after his four taxing years at Troy, Father Bradley entered upon his duties at the cathedral with even greater ardor, if that could be, than he had displayed in his student days. So closely did he identify himself with the interests of the parish that Bishop Bacon said of him a little later, when the Fathers in charge of the seminary at Troy twice applied for him to return as director, "He is my right hand in the diocese."

For three years the young priest went on quietly but steadily, discharging the ordinary duties of a city



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curate in so extraordinary a manner as to gain the respect and love not only of his own people but of those outside the fold. He took a special interest in young men, and accomplished, among other things, the organization of the Temperance Cadets, a society of which he was justly proud. The liquor question was at that time, socially and politically, an absorbing issue in Maine. Though he took no active part in the public crusades against intemperance, Father Bradley's silent work was so effective that a leader of the temperance movement declared his efforts to be productive of more good than those of all the other workers combined. His views and counsel were often sought by the temperance agitators, prominent among whom was the Hon. Neal Dow, "father of the Maine prohibitory law."

Another society of young men that looked to Father Bradley for spiritual direction was the Catholic Sunday School Union. This was soon merged into the Catholic Union, which embraced then, as it does now, nearly all the men of the parish. They received Holy Communion for the first time, in a body, at the Mass celebrated by Bishop Bacon the Sunday before he left home for what proved to be his last visit to Rome. The sight of so many men at the altar rail was so consoling to the bishop that, in his farewell to his people, he spoke to them of Father Bradley's work among them as evidence of an unusual gift of grace, and said that he felt no anxiety for their welfare during his absence, since he was leaving them in the care of "that gifted young priest who possesses the

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rare power of attracting to himself every one who knows him."

At this time the bishop appointed Father Bradley chancellor of the diocese, which office, together with that of rector of the cathedral, he held until the death of Bishop Bacon in November, 1874. When, in June, 1875, Bishop Healy assumed charge in Portland, Father Bradley resigned both positions, but was immediately reappointed by the new incumbent. During the five years that he continued to fill these important places, he bore far more than his share of heavy and responsible burdens. Priests still younger than he looked to him as to an elder brother; the bishop regarded him as a prudent adviser, a trusted friend.

His daily routine was well known to all of the clergy associated with him at the cathedral. He rose at six, made his morning devotions, and said his Mass, always the most largely attended of any of the daily Masses. No matter how heavily duties pressed, the Holy Sacrifice was never hurried: it always seemed to be what it really was, the consecration of his day. From the altar he went invariably to make his thanksgiving near his confessional, where he found usually several penitents. Breakfast over, his next thought was for the people awaiting him in his office, for, upon his very first coming among them, the poor, the sick in body or mind, looked to him as their almoner, physician, counsellor, friend. Noon frequently saw him still in his office, and the afternoon brought like numbers on similar errands.

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His only opportunity for leaving the house was when a sick call came or when some imperative parish duty demanded his presence elsewhere. Once, when he seemed unusually fatigued, and some poor people were announced, the housekeeper ventured to say to him, "Why not let me call one of the other priests to see them, Father, and spare yourself for more important people?" With a smile that softened the rebuke, he replied, "Tell me, pray, who are more important people?"

At table he was always affable and entertaining. After supper, as after breakfast and dinner, he was immediately called to his office. Then came sodalities, night prayers, and other duties about the church until nine o'clock or thereabouts. Sick calls and visitations usually occupied another hour or so, and the pile of letters that went out by the morning mail to all parts of the diocese bore silent testimony of how the midnight hours were spent—the only time at his disposal for his duties as chancellor or for matters more strictly personal, such as the preparation of sermons and attention to his own correspondence. Often some of the other priests had occasion to call at his door very late at night, always to find him hard at work.

With all this, he took his turn with the others in preaching, and never absented himself from any of the public functions of the church on Sundays or holy-days. Under his guidance, attendance at the May devotions so increased that the chapel was too small to hold the worshippers, and the cathedral proper had to be thrown open to them.

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He celebrated, on Sunday, August 18, 1879, the first Mass ever said in the Maine State Reform School. All the officers and inmates of the institution attended. He preached an able sermon, and presented the Catholic boys with catechisms. From that time until he left the city, he said Mass there once a month.

The public daily evening prayers in the chapel, a custom inaugurated by Bishop Healy, were usually conducted by Father Bradley, whose piety and zeal were there particularly manifest. One evening, at the close of these devotions, a curate was accosted by a distinguished English lady who had been spending some time in the city. She could not leave, she said, without expressing her high appreciation of the devotedness of the clergy and the fervor of the people at these night prayers. She herself was a convert, she added, and her daughter, a Protestant, had here for the first time shown any interest in Catholic services, though she had previously visited nearly all the great cathedrals abroad. Father Bradley's evening meditations had appealed to her. Whether they bore fruit or not has never become known, as both ladies left the country a few days later.

Even in these first years of his priesthood, Father Bradley's success as a confessor and spiritual director was marvellous. Obdurate sinners became repentant. Many who had been remiss in attending Mass and frequenting the sacraments, became monthly communicants; while his weekly penitents were so numerous that the practice, still in vogue at the cathedral, was begun, of hearing confessions Friday

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evenings and after the morning Masses. The principal of a near-by public school often brought to Father Bradley boys classed as incorrigible, and never once did they fail to submit to his gentle sway.

The Sunday and day schools were under his supervision, and he conducted in person the examinations for promotion and for the reception of the sacraments. To the teachers of these schools, the Sisters of Mercy at St. Elizabeth's Convent, he was a devoted friend. In those early days of the Portland foundation, when trials were many and difficulties almost insurmountable, it was to Father Bradley that the Sisters brought all their perplexities, temporal as well as spiritual. So wise was his counsel, so unerring his judgment, that soon whatever he said was law to the struggling community.

He had a rare gift for discerning vocations, and many of the older Sisters today have him to thank for directing their choice. He was particularly interested in the novices, knowing that upon their training depended the good to be accomplished for souls by the future community. A little postulant, who was strongly tempted to return to the world, came to him one day to get his blessing before leaving. As he held his hands over her head and repeated the words of benediction, she felt, she said, an entire change of heart, and her desire to remain became as strong as had been her desire to leave. She persevered and made an exemplary religious.

Father Bradley's influence reached far beyond the confines of the cathedral parish: it touched all classes



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of society, Protestant and Catholic alike. Organizations followed his leadership, individuals acknowledged his holiness. A Protestant minister then in the city said that Father Bradley was the best type of Christian gentleman he had ever met. Even his passing seemed a benediction. Shortly after his death, the present bishop of Manchester received from a well-known Protestant writer a letter asking for a picture of the dead prelate. She had never spoken to him, had not seen him for more than thirty years, but had all that while cherished the memory of a kindly glance he had given her when, meeting her one day on a street in Portland, he had seemed to read in her face the record of the sorrow in her heart. "It has been a blessed privilege for me to know something of rarely beautiful lives in other faiths than my own," she wrote, "but no chance influence has ever been so abiding as that of the look Father Bradley gave me one noontime as we stepped up from different crossings to the same sidewalk corner. I can see it just as plainly now—after thirty years! He probably divined that I was brooding over trouble, for oh! the tender pity of that look! In vain I have watched hungrily for it in other later times of need, and where I felt I had both a right and a title to it!"

In 1879, Father Bradley's health, never robust, gave evidence that the strain upon it had been too great, and he sought and obtained from Bishop Healy permission to go abroad for a much-needed rest. The people of Portland, regardless of creed, expressed by substantial gifts of money their appreciation of his



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work among them, and, with the assurance of the prayers of his own and the good wishes of all, he sailed from New York for Queenstown, September 18, 1879. He visited his birthplace, and the larger cities in the British Isles, France, and Italy, ending his journey at Rome. Here he had an audience with the Holy Father, and made an attempt to settle for Bishop Healy the now famous Ponsardin case. On his return to Portland, he was welcomed at a public meeting and given a purse of money. Again he resumed his duties, but before many months it was clear that his health was not sufficiently improved to warrant his continuing in the double office at the cathedral, so he asked Bishop Healy to assign him to another charge. In June, 1880, he received an appointment to St. Joseph's church in Manchester, the state of New Hampshire forming, at that time, part of the diocese of Portland.

To the day of his death, Bishop Bradley kept a warm place in his heart for the people of Portland. It is needless to say that these reciprocated his affection. During the years that followed his departure, everything that concerned Portland was a matter of interest to him. Between him and Bishop Healy there existed a warm, close tie that was unbroken until death. It was he who paid the last eloquent tribute of love and respect to his father and friend in the episcopacy, and it was he again who welcomed the new bishop and told him of the loyalty and piety of the people over whom he was to rule. Portland has had

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many able, zealous, and holy priests, but it is no disparagement to them to say that to this day no name is spoken so often with affection, reverence, and pride, as that of him whom, even after an absence of twenty years, the people of Portland loved to call their own.







## CHAPTER IV.

### PASTOR AT MANCHESTER.

The appointment of a rector is ordinarily of little moment except to that portion of the Lord's vineyard wherein he is to labor. But the coming of Father Bradley to St. Joseph's marked the beginning of an era in the history of the Church in New England, since it was the first step towards the formation of a new diocese. Such being the case, a brief review of the progress of Catholicity in that field where, in 1880, the future bishop began his great life-work, may not be amiss.

The growth and development of this diocese in the brief space of less than a hundred years, is little short of marvellous. For, although the holy sacrifice of the Mass was first offered in New Hampshire as early as 1694, the real history of Catholicity can hardly be said to begin until a century and a quarter later. Many Catholics there undoubtedly were among the early settlers along the coast, yet even at the comparatively recent date of 1791 there was but one Catholic priest in all New England, and many of these poor pioneers, living among a hostile race and deprived of the sensible consolations of their religion, forgot their inheritance of faith, and were lost to the Church. Those who remained true to the practices of their youth had to submit to social and political ostracism; for, while Catholics in those days were almost every-



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where viewed with suspicion and disfavor, they were, in the Granite State, victims of a Puritanical prejudice hardly equalled elsewhere in the Union. By the Constitution of 1783, they were denied representation in the law-making body of the state; by their non-Catholic fellow-citizens they were regarded with scorn as open as it was unreasoning. But the White Hills themselves were not more steadfast than they in holding their own against such discouraging odds, and long before Father Bradley's coming the foundations of Catholicity had been firmly laid.

So few in numbers were our people at first, that up to 1822 there were not enough families in the entire state to warrant the appointment of even one resident priest, their only religious consolation being visits at rare intervals from some missionary priest on his way to or from Canada. The first priest to be permanently located in New Hampshire was the Rev. Virgil Barber, a native of Claremont, where his father was for many years an Episcopal clergyman. This entire family—Virgil Barber and, later, his father, his wife, their son, and their four daughters—were converted to Catholicity, the mother and all her daughters afterwards joining religious orders, and the father and son becoming priests, members of the Society of Jesus. When, in 1822, Bishop Cheverus of Boston ordained Virgil Barber to the priesthood, he at once sent him back to Claremont, there to form the first Catholic parish in the state. The church is still standing where he ministered to his little flock, scattered over a district ten or fifteen miles in extent.

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In 1827, Bishop Fenwick, who succeeded Bishop Cheverus in Boston, visited Dover. Here he found a handful of Catholics, attended from time to time by the pastor in Salem, Mass. Devout children of the faith they were, for they had hired a small hall, in which they met on the Sundays between visitations, and spent in public prayer the time they would have liked to give to the hearing of Mass. Three years later, a rude church was built and dedicated, making a tiny Catholic center whose influence has radiated to the farthest bounds of the state, for, in proportion to its size, Dover has given more young men to the priesthood than any other parish in New Hampshire.

Although some Catholics were now settled at Portsmouth and Nashua and Salmon Falls, yet their numbers were so few that for nearly a quarter of a century more none of these places was established as a parish. The spiritual interests of the people of these and other sparsely-settled districts were not uncared for, however, as they were attended more or less regularly by two missionary priests, Father Canovan and Father John B. Daly. The former seems to have labored in the southern part of the state, but Father Daly went everywhere. It has been said of him that he never slept under the same roof for more than one night at a time. The wonder is that he slept at all, for there is scarcely a city or town from Coös to the sea that has not a record of his visitations, and this, it must be remembered, was in ante-railroad days when, in addition to the discomforts of the journey,

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the traveller had to brave the dangers of beast and savage in the New England wilds.

Previous to 1848, Father Daly visited Manchester once every three months. Anti-Catholic prejudice ran high. Once, as he went up the steps of the temporary altar in the little wooden school-house where he was to say Mass, the floor gave way, and he and his people were precipitated into the cellar—the supports of the floor had been cut away. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured.

The failure of the crops in Ireland in 1845, and the famine that followed, sent hundreds of emigrants to America. The manufacturing towns of New Hampshire, of which Manchester was the largest, attracted many of the newcomers, and by 1848 there were enough Catholics here to warrant the appointment of a resident priest. The clergyman selected as the first pastor was the Rev. William McDonald, who received a royal welcome from the three hundred souls of whom he was to take charge. A better choice could not have been made. Father McDonald was a holy and zealous man, Irish to the backbone in indomitable faith and courage, but a typical Puritan in appearance,—austere, reserved, shrewd.

For five years he and his people worshipped in the old Granite Hall. Then he built on the corner of Merrimack and Union Streets a small brick church. This, owing to some defect of construction, had soon to be torn down, but was replaced by a new edifice which a history of that time declares to be “at least internally, the most beautiful church in the state.”

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Neither its beauty, however, nor the sacred purpose it was to serve, preserved it from the attacks of fanatics, and Father McDonald and the men of his parish had to take turns guarding it at night. When it was almost completed, an excited mob gathered about it, stoned it, and broke nearly all the stained glass windows just put in place. The Catholics would have retaliated, but Father McDonald urged forbearance, and his counsel prevailed. Without further molestation, the church was finished and dedicated to St. Anne. This same year, the diocese of Boston, having become too large for the jurisdiction of one bishop, was divided, and Maine and New Hampshire were erected into a separate see, forming the diocese of Portland, with Bishop Bacon as its spiritual head.

The next three years saw an encouraging improvement in Catholic conditions in Manchester. An old history of the state, published in 1856, gives the following account of the parish of St. Anne:—

“In July, 1844, Rev. William McDonald came to Manchester for the purpose of organizing the Catholics of this city. . . . Every year witnessed an increase of their numbers, so that the church, notwithstanding it can seat twelve hundred people, is quite insufficient to accommodate the worshippers. In order to give all an opportunity of frequenting church on the Sabbath they have two services each Sabbath forenoon. At present they number about three hundred, many of whom are not of course communicants, or, as they say, practical Catholics. However, it must be admitted that as a whole they conduct themselves

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well—that certainly the majority of them are good and useful citizens and should therefore command our respect—nay, our admiration when we take into account their condition and circumstances. They have to pay the strictest attention to the religious training of their children. Of this their Sabbath School bears evidence, as it contains on an average four hundred scholars. To secure the punctual attendance of their children, they have a well organized society which subscribes a large amount annually to procure clothing for the destitute and alleviate the wants of their poorer brethren, thus diminishing the chances of pauperism and of taxation. As a religious society they have gone on very harmoniously. They and their minister have been uninterruptedly united for the last eight years.

“The above narrative is a proof of this, as well as the following particulars. They bought in 1853, eighteen thousand feet of land, and have built them a beautiful parsonage, which must have cost five or six thousand dollars, and for all this too they have paid. And they purchased a large lot on Laurel Street, south of the church, for the purpose of erecting a spacious brick building for a Select School. This house is to be built immediately at a cost of some six or eight thousand dollars. Moreover, they have also a cemetery within the limits of the city, well located, containing ten acres, very suitable for such a purpose. Now all these well planned and executed efforts, display unusual energy, when it is known that they have been accomplished within the short period of eight years—efforts pregnant with much useful instruction



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to our readers, as they must be with much laudable pride to their performers. Certainly our Catholic community deserves well of our citizens for contributing their share of ornamental buildings to our young city, and for their rapid approximation to American frugality and New England industry."

The "Select School" mentioned in this account deserves more than passing notice, as it marks the beginning of the parochial school system in Manchester. At the very height of the persecution of his people, Father McDonald announced to them his intention of establishing a convent and a parochial school. This aroused the first and only bit of opposition that his flock ever offered him. A convent would not be tolerated, they said; the nuns would be murdered, and the last state of the parish would be worse than the first. It took courage to start any enterprise in the face of such odds, but Father McDonald had the courage. He built the convent. A fanatical workman set it on fire, but a broad-minded Protestant woman gave the alarm, and no serious damage resulted.

Father McDonald next applied to Bishop Bacon for a foundation of the Order of Mercy, an Institute whose Rule binds it, in addition to its chief work of teaching, to the care and visitation of the poor, the sick, and the ignorant. In a manufacturing place like Manchester such an Order was more desirable than one devoted to teaching only. Bishop Bacon in turn appealed to the community in Providence, Rhode Island, for a band of Sisters for the first convent in New Hampshire. His request was granted, and on



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the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, July 16, 1858, Mother Francis Xavier Warde and three other Sisters of Mercy came from Providence to Manchester, and took up their abode at Mt. St. Mary's, so called from the slight elevation upon which it stands. That autumn, Mt. St. Mary's boarding school for girls, and a free day school also for girls, were opened in the convent building, and evening classes were formed for the instruction of children of both sexes working in the mills. Not long after, an orphan girl was given a home in the cottage that stood in one corner of the grounds, thus beginning an orphanage which soon outgrew the limits of the little house.

Strange as it may seem, within a year daughters of several prominent Protestant families were enrolled as pupils at the boarding school, and the services of the Sisters were sought not only by the sick of their own faith but by those of other faiths as well. Father McDonald's foresight was in no instance more evident than in the good results of his introduction of the Sisters to Manchester: almost immediately peace between the warring factions followed,—a peace that for nearly fifty years has continued practically without interruption.

The next fifteen years brought wonderful increase of prosperity to the Catholic faith in Manchester. Father McDonald's own house had been previously built. Now in quick succession came the erection of a school building for girls, opposite the convent on Union Street; the transferring of the orphanage to Hanover Street, and the opening of a Home for Aged

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Women on the same grounds, which had been purchased at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. The boys' school which, in Father Bradley's early days, had been located in the basement of St. Anne's church, had been removed to the Park Street building, originally used by the city for a public school. This old landmark was torn down not many years ago, when the erection of two modern schoolhouses in the parish, St. Agnes's and the McDonald, made its occupation no longer necessary. Meanwhile, the increase of manufacturing industries had attracted French Canadians in so large numbers that they had been granted a pastor of their own tongue. St. Augustine's parish was formed, and the first church for French Catholics was dedicated in 1873. The opening of a new bridge across the Merrimack led many French people to establish homes on the west bank of the river, and these were separated, in 1879, from St. Augustine's. Within a short time, they too had their own place of worship, St. Mary's, since replaced by one of the most beautiful churches in New England.

Even before this, it had become evident that one church was no longer sufficient for the English-speaking Catholics. Father McDonald, therefore, bought the lot at the corner of Lowell and Pine Streets, and erected thereon a new church which, on April 15, 1869, was dedicated by Archbishop (then Bishop) Williams of Boston, and placed under the special protection of St. Joseph. Its first pastor was the Rev. John O'Brien, who remained here nearly ten years. He frescoed the church, purchased the house and lot which had been

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rented for a rectory, and materially reduced the debt. He resigned in 1878, and in 1880 Father Bradley was appointed his successor. In June of that year Father Bradley came with his mother to Manchester, and, with one curate, took up his residence in the house now occupied by the Christian Brothers, standing then where the bishop's residence stands now.

The original St. Joseph's was the largest and handsomest church in the state. Of the first cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, there still remained to be paid, when Father Bradley took charge, twenty-two thousand dollars. Connected with the church was a school building for girls, and a building for boys was in process of erection. During the summer the new pastor made needed improvements in the girls' school and hastened forward the work on the boys' building, so that both were ready for the opening of the term in September. That fall he took a census of the parish, and set about removing the debt, holding for this purpose a fair which netted about five thousand dollars. The zeal and piety of the new rector bore early fruit. Congregations grew larger, the number of communicants rapidly increased, church societies were multiplied, and every fresh undertaking brought additional grace and blessing.

The happiness that his successes must have brought to Father Bradley was not without alloy. Two years before he left Portland, Sister Ursula's health had begun to fail. In the winter of '81 she grew rapidly worse and was, at her own request, relieved of her office as superior. All through Lent she had to keep

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her bed, her condition giving grave anxiety to the community and to her mother and brothers in Manchester. Father Bradley was most solicitous for her, went frequently to see her, and omitted nothing that might give her comfort. On one of his visits he found her exhausted after a sleepless night, unable to rest quietly in any position. Bending over the bed, he put his arm under her shoulders to raise her a bit. "That is good!" she exclaimed. The Sister in charge, who was called from the room just then, returning an hour later, found Father Bradley still in the same trying attitude, supporting his sister now quietly sleeping, nor could she see that he made the least movement until the patient awoke in the course of another hour.

By Holy Week, Sister Ursula had grown so weak that Mrs. Bradley went on to remain with her. Early Easter Monday morning Father Bradley started for Portland, and soon after his train had left the city a telegram came announcing her death. The brother's grief on reaching St. Elizabeth's and finding that his beloved sister was no more, was heart-rending. The strong natural affection between the two had been intensified by the spiritual tie, and for a time the self-control of the priest was entirely overcome by the purely natural emotion of the man. Her Sisters in religion mourned her too. Calm, self-poised, strict and exacting as a superior, she was withal just and sympathetic, and ruled her community with a touch as gentle as it was firm. In this and many other respects she resembled her priest brother, particularly in her power to attract souls, for she was devotedly loved by

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all who knew her. Not many months later Patrick Bradley died, thus leaving of the little family only the mother, Cornelius,—who had married and located in Manchester—and Father Denis.

For three years more Father Bradley worked on as quietly and effectively as he had begun. The congregations at St. Joseph's continued to increase in size so that more Sunday Masses became necessary. The financial condition of the parish improved, enabling the pastor to make needed changes and additions to the parochial property, the most ambitious of which was the enlarging of the girls' school.

Because of the failing health of Father McDonald, who, up to 1880, was the only chaplain the Sisters of Mercy in Manchester had had, Bishop Healy at that time appointed Father Bradley confessor for the novices and for those of the professed Sisters who so wished. As often happens in the case of men who have led unusually active lives, Father McDonald did not realize his own condition, and the relief afforded by the appointment was not wholly acceptable, but, seemingly unmindful of this fact, Father Bradley continued to perform his duty. When, however, in 1883, Bishop Healy asked him to take charge of the community as its ecclesiastical superior, he declined, saying that he could not in Father McDonald's lifetime, that no one could indeed except a bishop. Whether, as some think, this condition of affairs had anything to do with Bishop Healy's determination to have the diocese divided, may or may not be, but this decision was finally reached in 1884.



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Many conjectures were made as to where the see would be established, Manchester and Concord both hoping for the honor. People throughout the state, Protestants as well as Catholics, who were at all familiar with Father Bradley's life and work up to this time, looked to him as the most likely selection for the head of the new diocese, and when, on Palm Sunday, 1884, the official news of his appointment came from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Springfield, it was more of a surprise to him than to any one else. Everybody was satisfied. The rare executive ability that had enabled him in the short space of four years to reduce the heavy debt on his church two-thirds, his sound common sense, his sincerity and deep piety, had won the affection and gratitude of his own people, the respect and esteem of all.

On the eleventh of June he was consecrated, being then, at the age of thirty-eight, the youngest bishop in the United States. The Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D., Archbishop of Boston, was the consecrating prelate, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, and the Rt. Rev. John Moore, D. D., Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, D. D., Bishop of Portland. Besides these prelates there were present the Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., Bishop of Springfield, the Rt. Rev. James A. Hendricken, D. D., Bishop of Providence, and one hundred and eighty priests. Following the consecration services, an elaborate banquet was served the attending clergy.



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The new bishop was the recipient of a generous purse of gold from the priests of the diocese, and of valuable gifts from parishioners and other friends. As he was the first graduate of Troy Seminary to be raised to the episcopate, the alumni of that institution tendered him, shortly after his consecration, a testimonial. He came into possession also of a beautiful church service, valued at one thousand dollars, bequeathed by the Rev. Father O'Donnell of Nashua to whoever should be the first bishop of Manchester.





## CHAPTER V.

### THE BUILDING UP OF A DIOCESE.

It was under peculiarly happy circumstances that Bishop Bradley took charge of the new see of Manchester. The episcopal city had been his home during childhood and youth. His close connection with the Bishop of Portland, when the two states formed one diocese, had made him familiar with the affairs of the Church in New Hampshire, and his four years' pastorate at St. Joseph's, successful in spite of adverse conditions, had won for him the confidence of the entire community. The rapid growth of Catholic interests throughout the state was most encouraging. On his accession, the diocese comprised a Catholic population of forty-five thousand, an increase of nearly nine-fold in thirty-five years. These souls were ministered to by thirty-seven priests in as many different churches and chapels. Besides the Sisters of Mercy, who had made new foundations at Dover and Laconia and now numbered sixty-five, two other communities had been introduced, and twelve Sisters of Jesus and Mary at Manchester and an equal number of Sisters of the Holy Cross at Nashua were engaged in the Christian education of the French-speaking children in those cities. The tiny seed of 1822 had become a promising plant. His care it would be to foster its growth and to sow, in places still barren, seed as

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hardy as the first, that these too should flourish and bring forth fruit an hundred fold.

To this end, energetic measures were at once taken by the new bishop for the spreading and strengthening of the faith in New Hampshire. His first need was more priests, that the blessings of religion might be brought to small towns and rural communities where Catholics were such only in name. For where a priest is seldom seen, where Christ in the Blessed Eucharist does not abide, there must faith languish if not die. And the rapid growth of Catholicity in the larger centers of the state up to this time had been due to the increase of churches and priests, and the vivifying effects of the Mass and the sacraments. Happily, the Lord sent the laborers in such abundance that within the first five years of the bishop's episcopate twenty young men had offered the service of their lives to God. These, and the proceeds of the annual collection instituted by the bishop for the "Support of Poor Missions," enabled him to begin at once the establishing of priests in places from which Catholics in scattered districts could be easily reached. This carrying of the Word to remote portions of the diocese was Bishop Bradley's great and distinctive work. Parish after parish he formed in poor and seemingly unpromising spots; mile after mile his devoted priesthood traveled, until now there is hardly a Catholic family in the state that may not hear Mass at least once or twice a month, and have the consolations of religion at the hour of their death.

The great Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held

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this year, was attended by the bishop, who took with him as chaplains Father Barry of Concord and the venerable Father McDonald of Manchester.

This journey proved to be Father McDonald's last, for on the twenty-sixth of the following August he passed to his reward. Three days later his funeral, the largest and most impressive that had ever been held in the state, took place at St. Anne's Church. The Mass, which was attended by the mayor and members of the city government, was sung by Bishop Bradley, who also preached a noble panegyric. Every mill in the city was closed during the hours of the obsequies, and Protestants vied with Catholics to do honor to his remains. Mourned by the entire city, he was laid to rest in his own churchyard, where to-day a beautiful mortuary chapel encloses his tomb, and where, at almost any hour of the day, some of the faithful may be found in prayer. Less than a year before, Mother Warde, pioneer Sister of Mercy in New Hampshire, had passed away, and thus, with Father McDonald's death, Manchester was left only a memory of two tireless, holy souls, who together had laid the foundations of all her Catholic greatness.

In 1885, the bishop built a spacious and beautiful episcopal residence on land adjoining the cathedral, moving the old rectory to a point beyond and remodelling it for a home for the Brothers of the Christian Schools, whom he placed in the fall of that year in charge of St. Joseph's high school for boys. What the Sisters of Mercy have been to three generations of Manchester's Catholic girls, the Christian Brothers



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have been to later generations of boys. Not only have they formed the young souls entrusted to their care to habits of virtue and piety, but they have given and continue to give them an education second to none of similar grade. The "Brothers' boys" have more than once taken first place in competitive examinations open to all; many of them invariably secure and hold some of the best business positions in the city; while others of their students are numbered amongst the most zealous priests of the diocese.

The first synod of the new diocese was held November 4, 1886. The decrees of the second and third Councils of Baltimore were read, the diocesan constitution promulgated, and the official organization of the diocese completed by the appointment of diocesan consultants, boards of examiners of the parochial schools and teachers, a curia for criminal and disciplinary cases, and a curia for matrimonial cases.

In 1887, a five-story brick orphanage for boys, on the Hanover Street grounds, was completed and opened, leaving the old building free for the accommodation of girls.

That same year Bishop Bradley made his first *ad limina* visit to Rome, sailing from New York for Queenstown the seventh of July. His route this time covered practically the same countries that he had visited before, but included many more places. He went again to the old home at Knockeen, and in a letter to his mother from there he tells of meeting with relatives; of finding the old homestead roofless, the roof having been torn away at the eviction of the last oc-

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cupant; of going to his father's grave and viewing with satisfaction the monument which, on his former visit, he had ordered placed there. For a week he was a guest at St. Michael's College, Listowel, where he was tendered an informal reception by the St. Paul's Total Abstinence Society and other organizations. His daily records tell of hours full of happiness and edification spent in Ireland, France, and Italy, culminating in his reception in private audience, on October 8, by Leo XIII. "Wonderful to say," he notes, "the Holy Father remembers having seen me as a priest eight years since"—so deep the impression made even on him who met thousands of pilgrims every year!

The bishop's return to Manchester was the occasion for a great demonstration. Hardly had he exclaimed, "At home once more, thank God!" as the train drew into the union station, when a mighty cheer arose from thousands of throats. Accompanied by prominent clergy of city and state, and escorted by various organizations, military, civic, and religious, the bishop was driven in triumphal procession to the entrance of the cathedral. Here, amid noise and red fire, he took his stand under a huge evergreen arch, bright with electric lights, and was presented with a purse of one thousand dollars. Vespers and benediction followed. It was one of the grandest unsolicited testimonials that had ever taken place in New England. The following morning, two thousand school children assembled in the cathedral for a solemn high Mass of thanksgiving, and for the next week the good man was

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kept busy attending banquets and entertainments arranged in his honor.

The year 1888 was marked by the coming of the Benedictine Fathers to take charge of the new parish formed in West Manchester, chiefly for the accommodation of German Catholics, and to build, ultimately, a college for the higher education of boys. St. Raphael's church and school were soon erected, and two years later the first steps were taken toward the building of the college. One of the most picturesque spots in the state, two miles from the city, was secured for the site, and a building erected. When nearing completion, it was burned to the ground, but, nothing daunted, the Fathers began again, and in 1893 a second edifice was finished, dedicated to St. Anselm, and opened to students in September.

One of the first things undertaken after the bishop's return was the building of a mortuary chapel in St. Joseph's Cemetery. This is of simple but handsome design, capable of holding several hundred people. Under the altar, on a marble slab, reposes a full size figure of the dead Saviour, showing the wounds in His hands and feet and side. When this building was finished, the cemetery was solemnly consecrated. Later, the custom was inaugurated of having said here, on Memorial Day of each year, a military Mass. Five years ago a commodious receiving tomb was opened, thus completing the material appointments of the cemetery.

The next event of importance was the formation from St. Joseph's of a new parish, comprising the dis-

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trict on the west side of the river, now known as St. Patrick's. Here a brick building, at present used both as church and school, was erected, which, together with a rectory, is nearly free from debt, while the parish has so increased in numbers that a new church must come in the near future.

In 1890 Bishop Bradley's only surviving brother, Cornelius, died after a long and painful illness, leaving a widow and two little children. The bishop's own health had been for some time a matter of concern to those intimately associated with him, and the anxiety and sorrow of this bereavement added to its delicacy. As the winter drew near he was urged to go to a milder climate, and finally, more to please others than himself, he left for a season in the South. Every one hoped that he would remain away until spring, but in a few weeks word came that he was about to return. Preparations were at once made for a reception and testimonial. The announcement of the plans, published in a local paper, somehow reached the bishop, and he wrote his rector to forbid a public demonstration. His wishes were in a measure respected, for the welcome took the form of the presentation of an address and a purse of money at the Sunday evening vesper service following his return. His improvement in health was marked, and he entered upon his duties again with renewed vigor, beginning at once two of the most important works of his episcopate: the fitting up of a building for a hospital, and the remodelling of St. Joseph's Cathedral.

In order to make room for extending the cathedral,

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the bishop bought the estate adjoining the church, and moved the residence upon it to the Hanover Street grounds. The reconstruction of the house was pushed rapidly forward, and in September, 1892, the Sacred Heart Hospital was formally dedicated. Six Sisters of Mercy were the first nurses, but soon a training school was established, which sends forth every year graduates whose services are always in demand. Three times since then the hospital has been enlarged, and another addition is now contemplated. It has one of the lightest and best equipped operating rooms in New England, solaria or sun rooms for patients, and every appointment of a first-class institution. The out-patient department furnishes free treatment annually to hundreds of poor people. All classes, colors, and creeds are received, and the man without a cent receives the same consideration as does the man with thousands at his disposal. "The requisite passport for admission," said Bishop Bradley at its inception, "will be, first and only, that the candidate is sick."

The remodelling of the cathedral began with the excavation of the basement. Then it was enlarged and beautified at an expenditure of about one hundred thousand dollars. It is now a noble building, a monument alike to the labors of its first bishop and the generosity of his loyal subjects. It is of red brick, of a total length of two hundred feet, with a seating capacity of sixteen hundred. The altar, one of the most chaste and beautiful in the country, is of Gothic style, turreted, of the purest Carrara marble. Next to this, the most striking feature is the windows, made at



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Innsbruck, Austria, and illustrating the principal events of the creation and redemption of the human race, the subjects treated having been chosen by the bishop himself. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where week-day Masses are celebrated and confessions heard, is a gem of architecture and of devotional decoration. The consecration of the cathedral took place April 15, 1894. Early in the morning of that day, Bishop Bradley performed the ceremony which forever sets apart the edifice as the dwelling place of the Most High. Later came the solemn commemoration, pontifical Mass being celebrated by the Most Reverend Archbishop of Boston, and the Rt. Reverend Thomas D. Beaven, D. D., of Springfield, preaching the consecration sermon.

This event was a fitting prelude to the celebration of Bishop Bradley's tenth anniversary, held on the eleventh of June of the same year. He would allow no formal notice to be taken of it, but Masses were offered in the cathedral and all the Catholic churches of the city, and felicitations and good wishes were tendered him by individuals. The three churches which, besides his own, had ten years before joined in thanksgiving for his appointment, were now increased to six, the latest addition being St. George's, erected within a few squares of the cathedral for the accommodation of the French Catholics of that section.

The only cloud upon his horizon on this happy day was cast by the American Protective Association, commonly known as the A. P. A. The intolerance of this organization reached its height at about this time, and



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feeling was bitter, the better class of Protestants, as a rule, taking the part of the much-maligned Catholics. The city was stirred as it had not been since the Know-nothing riots some forty years before. Through all the excitement, Bishop Bradley remained silent, only praying that men might see their folly and that peace would be restored. Gradually a better feeling came about, and the un-American society died the ignominious death it deserved.

Two years later, when the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood occurred, Bishop Bradley was again averse to any public demonstration. But this time his priests rebelled, took matters entirely out of his hands, and arranged for one of the most brilliant affairs ever held in the cathedral. His people, who would gladly have given him a handsome testimonial, were forced to accept his decision that, owing to the stringency of the times, he would accept nothing from them. The celebration was strictly diocesan, limited to his own priests, religious, and people. He himself celebrated the Mass and, what is more unusual, preached the sermon, taking for his text the words chanted during the Offertory: "What shall I render to the Lord for all the things which He hath rendered to me?" With deep humility and fervent gratitude he enumerated, one after another, the favors that God had bestowed upon him during the five and twenty years of his priestly life, and closed with the words:

"What in return shall I render to the Lord? What can I render to him? I can but make my own the

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continued words of the singer, words which, like those preceding them, were uttered but a moment since by myself in the holy Mass. Said the singer, say I, '*Calicem salutaris accipiam*'—'I will take the Chalice of salvation.' I will then make my return to the Lord by taking anew and in humility the Chalice as I accepted it twenty-five years ago. And I take it with all which that acceptance implies of dignity, of honor, of sacrifice, of labor, and, if need be, of tribulations and humiliations—*et nomen domini invocabo*. In thus accepting I will call upon the name of the Lord, who is my strength, my staff, and my hope. For 'unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' "

After the services, the bishop was the guest of his clergy at a sumptuous banquet, where his vicar-general presented him with his priests' offering of five thousand dollars. Many other gifts were bestowed upon him by societies and individuals, the most gratifying of which was, perhaps, the gold chalice from the Alumni Association of St. Joseph's school. This, made from a special design, is studded with amethysts and garnets, and has on the base, in most delicate enamelled work, two medallions and figures of the four evangelists.

The bishop made his second *ad limina* visit to Rome in 1897, and received, before and after, expressions of good will no less hearty, if somewhat less quiet in deference to his expressed wish, than at the time of his former visit.

In October, 1898, St. Anne's church celebrated its

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fiftieth anniversary. The civic exercises were held in the Opera House, where a bronze bust of Father McDonald, by Kitson, was unveiled and, later, placed in the mortuary chapel where his remains are laid. The religious celebration was held in the church itself, and was attended by all the dignitaries of the Manchester and Portland dioceses. Of the little band of Catholics whom Father McDonald found in the city half a century before, only twenty were left, and these were prominent figures in front pews during the Mass. On this occasion Bishop Bradley both pontificated and preached.

The next month, the House of St. Martha, a home for working-girls, was established opposite Mt. St. Mary's. Here, at moderate cost, young women have all the comforts and refinements of a home, where their needs, in sickness or in health, are carefully looked after by the Sisters of Mercy. With the opening of this house, every provision had been made for the care and education of Catholic women in Manchester. Only a block distant, there had been in successful operation for a year the house known as "Consolatrix Afflictorum," a refuge for women of all ages who may find themselves in the city without friends or money. In a snug cottage of six rooms, in a retired and pleasant location, the visitors are given a good supper, a single cot for the night, and a warm breakfast. For three days they are sheltered, and longer if, in that time, they have not secured work or means to continue their journey.

Still another blessing descended upon the city this

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year with the coming of the Sisters of the Precious Blood for their first foundation in New England. The superior of the community in Brooklyn, N. Y., with nine Sisters, took possession, late in the fall, of a house on Union Street, already partly prepared by Bishop Bradley for a monastery. These Sisters are strictly cloistered, and depend upon the faithful for their support. They practice great austerities in their daily life, rise during the night to chant the hours of their office, and spend the day in meditation and prayer, in making vestments and other altar supplies, and in giving retreats to women who come to the convent for a season of seclusion and prayer. Their success in Manchester has been remarkable. They are now twenty-one in number, and have made from here a large foundation in Cuba. Their little chapel is one of the most devotional in the state, and is a favorite place of daily adoration for scores of Catholics.

This year, too, another enterprise was begun: the publishing of a diocesan magazine. Two objects the bishop had in view when he did this. First, notwithstanding the multiplication of churches, there were still people in remote districts who had Mass only once in two or three weeks. He hoped that the magazine, coming to them once a month, would second the efforts of the priest, by encouraging and strengthening them in the practice of their faith. Second, having a publication of his own would enable him to treat publicly many questions of social and political importance that he could not touch upon in the pulpit, thus contributing to the temporal welfare of his people. During the

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seven years of the *Guidon's* existence, it has more than justified the hopes of its founder. From the beginning, he followed its career with interest, and was familiar with its every detail from the subscription list to the newest advertiser. He often suggested topics for editorials and outlined their treatment, showing always tact, judgment, and broad charity.

St. Anthony's parish in East Manchester was formed in November. The first Mass was said in a hired hall, but before long a church was erected, and the eighth city parish well organized.

Thus far the years since Bishop Bradley's consecration have recorded for him much of joy. Trials he had had, no doubt. Some bad or lukewarm Catholics there always are, who will not heed the admonition of pastors, and who bring discredit on themselves and their religion; disagreements occur between priests and people; scandals arise in the Church itself,—things such as these brought their measure of sorrow to the heart of the good bishop. But these are, after all, trials of office, which none in power may hope to escape; personal griefs had been few. With 1900 comes a change, and the next three twelvemonths have little of joy to tell. In that year, and within six months, the bishop lost by death his three nearest and dearest friends on earth: his mother, Bishop Healy of Portland, and Father Barry of Concord.

Mrs. Bradley was taken sick on her seventy-third birthday. While covering the plants in her little garden that morning, to protect them from an unseasonable snow squall, she took cold, which developed into



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pneumonia. For three weeks she grew gradually weaker until, on Friday, May 24, it was plain that her heart could not much longer bear the strain. That evening she seemed stronger, and the bishop went as usual to his confessional, but was almost immediately summoned to return. As he came to her bedside, his mother looked up, smiled, put her hand into his, said, "God bless you, son!" and sank at once into unconsciousness. All night long the bishop sat near her, alternately putting the crucifix to her lips and giving her absolution, raising his hand in final benediction as she breathed her last at five o'clock Saturday morning. Though Mrs. Bradley had lived a most retired life and was known personally only to the older residents, her devotion to her son was known to all, and she was revered even by those who had never seen her. Every Catholic heart in the city mourned with the bishop and for him, and the cathedral was thronged on the day of the funeral. The services were solemn and impressive, but entirely in keeping with Mrs. Bradley's life and character,—simple, devoid of ostentation.

Bishop Healy, who died in August, had been Bishop Bradley's ecclesiastical superior in the early years of his priesthood, and then and afterwards his friend and adviser. This loss, coming so soon after the other, affected him deeply.

It was in November, however, that the tragedy occurred which horrified half the country, and which implanted in the bishop's heart a sorrow never to be effaced. On Monday, November 12, Father Barry



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accompanied the bishop to New York, to assist at a tridium in St. Patrick's Cathedral in honor of the canonization of St. John Baptist De La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, on which occasion the bishop was to preach. On Wednesday, the fourteenth, while crossing Broadway, he turned to thank a man of whom he and the priests with him had made some inquiry, and was struck by a car. In sight of his reverend companions, he was thrown to the ground and under the cruel wheels. One of the priests had just time to give him the absolution for the dying before he breathed his last. The story of that day is best told in the bishop's own words, in his eulogy of Father Barry, to be found in another chapter—a noble tribute to a loved and loving friend.

The bishop cancelled his sermon, which was read at the tridium by a cathedral priest, and, with the clergymen who had made up his party, returned with the mangled remains. It was a sad homecoming. At Boston and Manchester delegations from Concord met the funeral train, and no one who beheld the mourning hundreds that filled the stations will ever forget the sight. The following Monday, pontifical Mass of requiem was sung by the bishop, in the presence of the venerable Archbishop of Boston, nearly all the priests of the state, and many from neighboring dioceses. Simple, kindly, a model priest, a noble man, Father Barry's memory is held in benediction by all who were privileged to know him. The affection that existed between him and his bishop, whose friend and confessor he had been for nearly thirty years, is too sacred

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to be discussed. With his death, the bishop was left desolate indeed.

The beginning of the new century was made memorable by the consecration of the chalice, ciborium, and ostensorium, of solid gold, made from the offerings of jewelry called for by the bishop from the clergy and faithful of the parish. Almost every family gave something, and the raw metal, before the jeweler began his work, was valued at five thousand dollars. The vessels are exquisite in design and workmanship, Roman in style, and adorned with jewels, the ostensorium alone being studded with forty-five diamonds. Engraved on the bottom of the chalice are the words: "Made from Gifts of Gold, Trinkets, and Coin, Presented by Bishop, Clergy, and Faithful of the Cathedral Parish as a New Century Offering to the Redeeming and Eucharistic Christ, A. D. 1901. Make Memento in Every Mass of the Donors, Living or Dead, and Their Designated Friends." The joy expressed by the bishop at the generous response to his request, added not a little to the satisfaction of his people when the products of their gifts were placed upon the altar.

Another addition to the institutions on the Hanover Street grounds, the Infant Asylum of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, was the fulfillment of a long-cherished hope of the bishop's, who knew, better than anyone else, the need of a place where children too young to be sheltered at the orphanages might be cared for. This building is situated between the Home for Aged Women and the Sacred Heart Hospital, and is, like these, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. It

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received its first little inmate, a month-old baby, on January 6, 1902, and from that day to the present hardly a crib or a cot has been vacant, the forty occupants varying in size from the new-born babe to the toddler of three, at which age they are transferred either to the orphanages or to homes provided by parents or others. For it is not abandoned children only that are provided for here, but any little ones whose needs demand a home. No child is received as a boarder, however,—some circumstance of sickness, poverty, or other distress, is the passport of admission for the baby whose parents live.

Since his triple bereavement in 1900, the bishop's health had been a cause of anxiety to all. Though he omitted none of his accustomed duties, though he had a kind word for everyone, yet he had not recovered his spirit of former days. He was quieter; smiled less frequently; seemed, if possible, more unworldly than before. Members of his household knew of sleepless nights, of untasted meals, of pain which, try as he would, he could not quite conceal. He worked as usual until the summer of 1902, when he went to Ireland for a rest. On his return, he confessed that he had not been wholly happy and that he had longed for home, but expressed the hope that good effects would follow in spite of all. He refused to be relieved of any of his assignments, and resumed his routine as before.

One of his first acts was to make Goffs Falls which, though within city limits, had thus far been a mission of Derry Depot, a parish. Then came the placing in the cathedral tower of a peal of bells. These, rich and

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full in tone, rang out for the first time one beautiful evening in late October, sending their joyful notes far into the city's suburbs. Nine months later they tolled the passing of the great Leo, to whom Manchester owed its creation as a diocese and its holy first bishop.

The last great ceremony which Bishop Bradley conducted was the dedication of the Polish church of St. Hedwiges. Until this building was secured, the Polish people had been part of the cathedral parish, and their regard for its chief pastor was deep and sincere, so on this occasion they did everything in their power to show their loyalty and love.

St. Hedwiges' made the ninth Catholic church in the city, the fifth since the formation of the diocese. There had been built, too, the Holy Rosary chapel, which, though served as a mission from St. Joseph's, is to all intents and purposes a parish church. During all these years, the French Canadian Catholics had been keeping pace with their English-speaking brethren. As their numbers grew, their institutions of benevolence and religion were multiplied. St. Mary's added an orphanage and a hospital; St. Augustine's, an orphanage and an academy, the latter in one of the finest buildings in the city; St. George's saw completed its beautiful church, and a parochial school second to none; St. Anthony's church was removed and enlarged, and a rectory built. All of these enterprises received the warm encouragement of the bishop, and no one was prouder than he of our Catholic Canadian people.

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Throughout the state, the gain had been equally gratifying. At the beginning of the nineteenth year of Bishop Bradley's episcopate, the Catholic population of the state was one hundred and four thousand. Priests in active service numbered one hundred and seven, and twenty-eight seminarians were preparing for holy orders. There were resident pastors in sixty parishes, and sixty-seven missions were regularly attended. Where formerly there had been but three religious orders for women only, with fewer than ninety members, there were now eight different orders for women and four for men, with combined numbers of more than five hundred. Under their charge were the various works of charity and the educational institutions of the state. The former comprised five orphan asylums, four homes for aged women, five homes for working girls, one night refuge, one infant asylum,—with their hundreds of inmates. The educational institutions included one college, five high schools, seven academies, and about forty parochial schools, with a total enrollment of thirteen thousand pupils.







## CHAPTER VI.

### DEVELOPMENT FROM WITHIN.

The previous chapter has noted the surprising number of churches and schools erected during Bishop Bradley's administration. Aside from this external work there remains to be considered another and equally important part of diocesan government, which may be called, for want of a better term, internal work. *Ars artium est regimen animarum*: The ruling of souls is the art of arts. Without priests and teachers, churches and schools were as well unbuilt. So the bishop of a diocese must be ever on the alert for zealous priests, and, having secured them, he must stimulate them to lives of piety, loyalty, self-sacrifice. He must bring to his diocese the teaching orders, and see to it that the educational institutions under their charge are made equal, if not superior, to secular institutions of similar rank. These obligations Bishop Bradley fulfilled with the same fidelity and exactness that characterized all he did. His manner of dealing with his priests may be best indicated in the words of his chancellor, whose close connection with the dead bishop gave him every opportunity for forming a correct judgment. In the memorial number of the *Guidon*, its editor, now Bishop Delany, said editorially:—

“As might be expected, the relations between the bishop and his priests were most intimate and cordial.

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With them he was more like a father than a superior. Charity and forbearance marked all his dealings. Bishop Bradley never had a case of contention in any ecclesiastical court. When correction or reproof was administered it was always done in the kindest, gentlest manner, and the one admonished never bore resentment. Severe and strict with himself, he was indulgent to others, and where leniency failed, rather than employ the authority he possessed he invoked God most earnestly in prayer to come to his aid, and in several instances known to us God did intervene in a most striking manner. No bishop was ever more beloved by his priests. No guest was more welcome than he in their homes. His intercourse was always affable; his conversation easy and entertaining. No man ever heard him say an unkind or uncharitable word of another, and he was always ready to take the defense of the timid, the weak, or the unfortunate.

“He in turn held in high esteem the priests of his diocese. To him they were the best priests in the world. They were to him a source of pride and joy, and he loved every one of them, to the least and last, with the tenderness of a fond father. Nothing they did or undertook was a matter of indifference to him; he shared their joys and sorrows. Who was in want that he did not feel it? Who was scandalized and he was not on fire? During the course of the twenty years he presided over the diocese, the priests gave him many marks of appreciation and esteem, but none was more noticeable or sincere than the genuine grief manifested when they learned that he, their bishop, was

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no more. His memory will be ever to them a source of edification and inspiration."

Next to the founding of parishes, the founding of convents seemed to be the bishop's earnest desire. A few weeks before his death, he said, "No parish is complete without a convent." He wished particularly that the Sisters should be generally settled in the northern part of the state, where he saw a vast field of usefulness awaiting them. In a letter on this subject, he once wrote: "Let us strive so to act that when we die we may leave behind us a flourishing New Hampshire garden."

His perfect mastery of the interior life and thorough knowledge of the human heart, is nowhere better shown than in his work as spiritual director of the Sisters of Mercy. As has already been noted, his connection with the Institute in this state dates from his appointment to St. Joseph's in 1880. In 1884, on his accession to the bishopric, he became their ecclesiastical superior, and from that time until his death the relations between him and them were those of a father and his well-beloved daughters.

In his first address to the Sisters after his consecration, he expressed the desire that every direction given by Bishop Healy should continue to be followed unless he gave permission to the contrary. He preached, that same year, the retreat preceding the New Year's renewal of vows, taking for his text, "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come." He dwelt particularly on the necessity of interior recollection joined to exact external observance of Rule.

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He recommended each one to adopt the motto, "I am the community," mindful of the fact that the good done or left undone by each reflected on the entire community,—that a body is judged by its members. He also recommended the apparently contradictory maxim, *Attende tibi*, but explained how each one, by attending to her own sanctification in the first place, was really advancing the welfare of all. His plan in dealing with the community was not to interfere unnecessarily in its government: to give his opinion always when asked, and to give it unasked whenever he foresaw danger to the body as a whole or to the individual members thereof. In following this rule, he was putting into practice the maxim he always gave to others in authority: "Outside of what duty requires be—I do not say indifferent, but tolerant to what you know it is not your business to correct." This may, at first thought, seem to indicate laxity on his part, but nothing could be further from him. Though always just and patient, none could be more strict than he in demanding perfect fidelity of each Sister to the life she had chosen. But he sought to correct or improve by other means than meddling with the affairs of the Institute: by suggestions to superiors; by conferences, general and particular; by direct dealing with individuals in the confessional. That his method was successful, is attested by the high spirituality ever maintained by the community in New Hampshire.

Some of his suggestions to superiors are interesting because of the light they throw on his own dealings with those subject to him, since the characteristics he

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looked for in others he himself possessed in eminent degree:—

1. Every work, even the most trifling, in which a Sister is engaged, should interest the superior, and she should seek its success as if that success were due to her individual effort.

2. She should seek to find out how the work of the congregation may be magnified for God's glory, not only for to-day but for the future.

3. She should sink her individuality in her position. It is one of the privileges of a superior to be always wrong in the minds of some, to be hurt by every one and, in turn, to show by his manner that he has not been hurt. The superior must never be jealous, envious, or mindful of injuries.

4. A superior who acts with due deliberation, with good motives, and after having put himself in place of those concerned in the matter under consideration, is, as a rule, safe. We are so often apt to act on the word of others whom we would never think of selecting to govern or guide even in most ordinary matters.

5. A superior should be ever ready to allow the ear and the eye to do service, but to restrain the tongue.

6. We must often wait for a suitable time to use corrective remedies. It is frequently unwise to endeavor to correct an evil on the first discovery of it.

It was, however, in his conferences and in the confessional that his deep spirituality, his rare knowledge of the human heart, were most evident. Of his work



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in the confessional we can not, of course, speak, except to give the testimony of one whose guide he was for nearly twenty years,—testimony that might be repeated in hundreds of instances. “He always understood,” she says. “Weakness, even wickedness, never seemed to surprise him much, and he appeared to look upon failings as more the result of a want of ‘common sense’ than of deliberate malice. He never needlessly hurt, though he did not hesitate to wound self-esteem if he found it necessary to do so. He thought more good resulted from encouragement than from chastisement, that there was more danger of spoiling lives by too great severity than by too great gentleness, and his inspiring words gave fresh courage to the afflicted or sorely-tempted. But while he was Christ-like in his charity and compassion for the penitent sinner, he was Christ-like too in his stern condemnation of grievous wrong; as he was fearless in his public discourses, so he was fearless also in his dealing with individuals.” When obliged to correct, he was ingenious in finding methods of healing even as he wounded. For instance, he once wrote: “I come to ask you for a New Year’s gift. It is that you—” mentioning a quality in which the recipient of the letter was sadly deficient. Could one refuse at least to try to present a gift thus asked for?

He himself attended the death-bed of every Sister who passed away during the twenty years preceding his own death, and was most solicitous that everything possible should be done to strengthen the soul for its last journey. His sympathy then was most touching

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and consoling. One simple and beautiful soul, a young novice, said to her mistress after her last confession, "I could not help crying. It is such a terrible thing to have offended God."

"And what did the bishop do?" asked the mistress.

"Oh! he cried, too."

His conferences to the Sisters were most helpful, as here he could treat in a general way of what concerned individuals and, consequently, the community at large. In the first years of his episcopate, he gave these conferences every month; later he was obliged, for lack of time and strength, to give them less regularly, but he again resumed them when a chaplain was appointed for the boarding-school, and continued them until shortly before his death.

In these talks he held ever before the Sisters the thought of the glory and dignity of a special call to a religious vocation, and the high responsibilities that such a call imposed. "A religious vocation," he told them once, "is, as it were, a call to the niceties of God's service and to the promotion of the niceties of His glory. By your profession you espouse the interests of Jesus Christ—of them you are to think, them you are to study and promote. You are to serve Him in His representatives, the poor, the sick, the ignorant."

In regard to the services they were to render these representatives of Christ, the bishop's directions were explicit; their duties and their manner in visitation of the sick and the poor were carefully explained. He insisted particularly that they should never speak,

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on visitation, of what they had seen or heard on some other call,—in fact, they were “not to mention others at all, for these ‘others’ might not like it.”

But it was about that work which, in the diocese of Manchester, forms the chief occupation of the Sisters of Mercy, that the bishop most often spoke—the profession of teaching. No work was dearer to his heart than that of saving for His own the souls of little ones “so lately from the hand of God.” Here again, too, his hints to teachers embodied the principles that he himself obeyed, and are helpful not to teachers alone but to all charged with the care or instruction of children. One set of these read as follows:—

1. Remember that the welfare of Church and State depends upon the Christian education of children. You are required by your Institute to do your share in this great work of Christian education. Consider well the importance of the task.

2. Learn to love the children for their souls’ sake, and make yourself lovable to them for God’s sake, especially when it is a question of those who know not what a parent’s love and care mean, and whose religious and domestic training have been most neglected.

3. Learn to know each one of your pupils, his peculiar disposition, his talents, his home surroundings. Live, in imagination, with them outside of the school-room; consider their often ill-provided, unattractive, neglected homes; consider their not infrequently dissipated, ignorant, un-parent-like parents; consider the occasions of sin which follow as a consequence from this condition of affairs; consider too that this same

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condition is an obstacle in the way of study or of acquiring attractive manners. Learn, then, to sympathize with these poor creatures. Make your schoolroom so attractive as to compensate for the unattractiveness of their homes. Let your gentle manner, your kind word, and your religious bearing, supply the want of those things which they do not receive from their parents. Love them for their souls' sake, and leave no stone unturned to induce them to love you. When this mutual love exists, wonders are accomplished.

4. Never expose a child to the ridicule of his companions because of his peculiarities.

5. Never make the faults or peculiarities of your pupils a subject of conversation with your Sisters.

6. When the children have reached the proper age, see that they are prepared for confession and Holy Communion. Always give them an immediate instruction before they go to their quarterly or monthly confession.

7. Do all you can to prevent the children from being absent. Send for or visit the absent ones as soon as possible.

8. Prepare well the matter for your classes, doing everything to advance the children in secular knowledge, but never forgetting that secular knowledge without religion is useless and dangerous. Always strive to impart some bit of general information, religious as well as secular, during the recitation time.

9. Never allow yourself to become discouraged in your work, even if you do not perceive the results that your labors might warrant—success belongs to God;

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the labor to you, under God. Always have compassion for the dull child. Encourage and help him in every way.

10. Keep your pupils in view after they have left you, even though they have not left school, and in order to do this, keep for your own private use a list of them, adding what remarks you may think needful or useful to guide your future action in their regard. Never let them depart entirely from your memory or vigilance.

The visits of the bishop to the schools were as welcome as they were frequent. On these calls, he would never listen to any stories of the "bad boy," for he was determined that his days with the children should be happy days for them. A skilful questioner, he succeeded in drawing out the best from each pupil, though it often seemed to the Sisters, commendably eager to have their classes make a good showing, that he selected every time, as if by instinct, the dullest child for the hardest question.

At the "baby-room" of the Brothers' school, his appearance was hailed with delight. If he arrived at recess time, the little boys would cluster about him without fear, and, one might suppose, to his annoyance, but if so he never showed it. In this room he used to like to start a spelling contest. "Spell 'desk,' " he would say, and, as that was done correctly by a score of voices, he would say, "Anyone could do that. Now spell 'board,' " and so on, making each word



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harder than its fellow, and always at the end giving a little prize to the best speller.

In Mt. St. Mary's Academy he took a special interest. Until a chaplain was appointed to the boarding-school in 1903, he gave the pupils an instruction every Sunday when he was at home; every week he came to hear their confessions, and he frequently visited them in their class-rooms. He had the happy faculty of making each feel that he was interested, as indeed he was, in her personally. He even appreciated their little entertainments, and gave willingly of his precious time to be present at them. He offered an annual prize for excellence in Christian doctrine, and wrote the questions for the examination himself. Wherever he could he encouraged vocations, and never allowed mere worldly considerations, such as poverty or lowly parentage, to have any weight in deciding a vocation. The only question to be settled was, "Has she the qualities to make her capable of advancing God's glory?"

Hardly second to the schools in his affection was the latest-opened work of his hands, the Infant Asylum of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. From his daily visits here the bishop seemed to derive as much pleasure as the little inmates themselves. The Hospital of the Sacred Heart, the orphanages, the Old Ladies' Home, and the various other charitable institutions throughout the city, were all objects of his fatherly solicitude.









## CHAPTER VII.

### ADDRESSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

No one ever believed more thoroughly than Bishop Bradley in the efficacy of the spoken word. Always, when at home, he preached at the eight o'clock Mass, which he celebrated himself in his own cathedral, and, every other Sunday, at the high or parish Mass. Frequently he addressed the congregations at the other services, and spoke at the meetings of the different sodalities and societies connected with the church. No such meeting was ever complete without his presence. On great festival days, such as Christmas and Easter, his sermons attracted many non-Catholics. His subject on these occasions was always doctrinal, and often awakened in the hearts of non-believing listeners a desire to know more of the Church and her teachings, and many conversions came about in this way. This was a source of deep consolation to him, as was also the fact that newspaper reports of his sermons were sometimes productive of good. One sermon in particular, preached at Providence, was published in a local paper and sent by a reader to a friend in northern New Hampshire. She was so impressed by it that she wrote to the bishop about it. He replied, sent her some books, visited her later when he was in her neighborhood, and finally had the happiness of receiving her into the Church.

On his episcopal visitations, he invariably preached

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in French or English or both, as the need might be, and there was not a diocese in New England where he did not speak, not once but many times, on occasions of unusual interest. He preached the morning sermon at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. John J. Brady as auxiliary bishop of Boston; of the Rt. Rev. Michael A. Tierney as bishop of Hartford; gave the vesper sermon at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins of Providence; and when the Rt. Rev. Wm. H. O'Connell came a comparative stranger to the see of Portland, Bishop Bradley it was who introduced him to his people. Holy Cross College honored him by assigning him the chief discourse at the fiftieth anniversary of her founding. To enumerate all the addresses delivered at dedications of churches, on occasions of jubilee, and the like, would be to mention most of the more prominent of such affairs in this part of the country for twenty years past.

These sermons and addresses were always prepared with great care and, though couched in words so plain and simple that the most unlearned could easily follow, yet they were strong in doctrine, supported by apt quotations from Holy Scripture, and eloquent with the conviction of the truth and divine origin of the message which they bore. Though he was not an orator in the strict sense of the word, his delivery was always forceful, if not elegant, and those who heard him went away instructed and strengthened. Contrary to the general opinion, the preparation of these papers cost him a deal of time and labor. He was

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one day urging a caller to some literary work. "I would do it," was the reply, "if I could write as easily as you do." "You are mistaken," he said, "if you think that. I work hours on my Sunday sermons, and when I have a big address to give, I am haunted by it, sleeping or waking, for weeks. I write, and re-write, and it is only with almost infinite pains that I accomplish it at all." Yet the art was not apparent in the result.

Though often invited to speak on civic occasions, he seldom did so, the only notable exception to this rule being his participation in the public celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the city of Manchester, when he consented to offer prayer at the close of the afternoon exercises. His action at that time was characteristic. A vast audience had assembled in the big tent where the meetings were held. When the moment for the prayer came, an expectant hush fell upon the throng, eager to lose no word of what the Catholic bishop would say. He stepped quietly forward and motioned the people to rise. Then he made the sign of the cross, repeated with deep feeling and noble expression the Lord's Prayer, crossed himself again, and resumed his seat. It was impressive, but disappointing to the Protestant portion of the audience. When asked later why he did not "make a prayer," as he had doubtless been expected to do, he replied, "Our Lord Himself made that prayer, and it is the one prayer which all Christians can unite in saying."

He seemed to take literally the words of the apostle :



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"Woe to me if I preach not the Gospel," for no matter what the occasion, he never failed to press home a truth of doctrine, to explain some mystery of faith, or to urge the destruction of a vice or the establishment of a virtue. Though he spoke well on all topics, certain subjects appealed to him from their very nature, and these he treated most happily. He had, as his own life showed, an exalted idea of the priestly vocation, and some of his best efforts were made at times of ordination or of celebration of such anniversaries. One of the finest of these sermons was that delivered at the golden jubilee of the venerable Archbishop of Boston, the Most Reverend John J. Williams, D. D.

SERMON DELIVERED AT ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS' JUBILEE.

"They rejoiced, for God had made them joyful with great joy; their wives also and their children rejoiced; and the joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off." Judith xvi, 24. Esdras II, xii, 42.

My Beloved Brethren: You are to-day joyful in the sight of the sanctuary, and the Lord hath made you joyful with great joy; and your wives and your children rejoice; and your joy is heard afar off. And why do you rejoice? You rejoice and are joyful in the sight of the sanctuary, because enthroned within the sanctuary of the church, and affectionately enthroned within the sanctuaries of your hearts, is one who is at this time commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the sacred priesthood of God's church; and for this reason the Lord indeed

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makes you joyful; and your wives and your children rejoice with you, and the joy of Jerusalem, the joy of Boston, is heard afar off, because Boston is engaged in celebrating the golden sacerdotal jubilee of Boston's parish priest—we will presume so to designate him at this time when we are not dealing with his many and well deserved more exalted titles and dignities.

Boston's parish priest! What do we understand by a parish priest? We may be permitted to define a parish priest as one to whom is intrusted by competent authority the governorship of a province in Christ's kingdom upon the earth. What in turn do we understand by Christ's kingdom upon the earth? By it we understand His church, founded and guided by Him, and comprising within itself mankind, redeemed at the price of His precious blood. "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God in Thy blood out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation." This kingdom, then, is that established by the Second Person of the adorable Trinity made man. "In the days of those kingdoms," says the prophet, "the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and it shall stand forever." It shall never be destroyed, and it shall stand forever because its founder, the God-man, hath promised to abide with it unto the consummation of time, and hence "the powers of error cannot prevail against it." But now this kingdom of Christ, composed as it is of men, must have, and in reality has, certain laws for its government, and these laws must be interpreted and executed, and the treasures of the kingdom must be safe-

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guarded and dispensed. The Divine Founder, were He to remain visibly upon the earth, among his subjects, might in His providence and power have dispensed the treasures of His kingdom, and might have been a law and a guide to His people, but we know that soon after His resurrection, having ascended to heaven, He ceased to appear visibly among men—"while they looked as He was raised up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." Good order, then—yea, justice—required since He himself was not to remain visibly in the kingdom to be a law and a guide to His subjects, that He should leave it some authorized representative of Himself.

And such representatives of Himself Christ did leave. Who are they? The representatives of Christ, in this, His visible kingdom, are the members of His perpetual priesthood, whose duty it is to teach men what they must do and what they must avoid in order to attain to citizenship in His heavenly kingdom, and whose further duty it is to dispense from the treasure house of the kingdom, through the sacraments, the merits of the redemption. "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you." But the representative of the Master in His kingdom must come to his office duly selected, properly equipped, and authoritatively appointed. "Neither doth any man take to himself the honor unless he be called as Aaron was. You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." To his chosen ministers Christ says now, with the same emphasis and distinctness as He did in the past in calling his

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apostles: "Follow me. I will make you fishers of men. Separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work wherunto I have appointed them."

But they must be properly equipped after having been selected. Saul and Barnabas, having been separated for the work of the ministry, are empowered for the duties thereof: the apostles praying and fasting, imposed hands on them. So the candidate selected by God for the sacred ministry of the priesthood receives power and grace to discharge the duties of his sacred office by the sacrament of ordination—by prayer and by the imposition of hands of the successors of the apostles, the bishops of our holy church. "I admonish thee, that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee by the imposition of my hands." "I have left thee in Crete,—that thou shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appoint thee." "But the Lord," says the prophet, "is our God, whom we forsake not," and the priests who minister to the Lord are the sons of Aaron, and in the new dispensation the priests who minister to the Lord are the sons of the apostles. "But the apostles," says St. Clement, "have preached to us from Jesus Christ and Jesus Christ from God."

This duly selected and properly-equipped priest of God, in order that he may be received as the representative of Christ, must come to the discharge of his duties properly authorized. Not only did Christ give power to offer sacrifice and to remit sin, but he sent his apostles—"go, therefore, teach all nations." Not only did the apostles pray and impose hands on Saul and

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Barnabas, but they sent them away. How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach unless they be sent? And the regularly ordained priest, receiving his jurisdiction by apostolic authority, is duly sent by the legitimate successor of the apostles, and, being sent, he becomes now, in the broad sense of the word, a parish priest, becomes a governor in a portion of Christ's kingdom on earth.

And what is the priest in his new sphere? What is the priest in action? What should he be in action? He should be as the fathers with "another Christ"—for Christ we are ambassadors, God, as it were, exhorting by us. And what was Christ in action? He will tell us in his reply to the disciples of St. John the Baptist. At the time of their coming to him he was engaged in preaching and teaching in the cities of Judea. "Go," he says, "and relate to John what you have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in me." This is the standard.

Judge the parish priest by this standard. Judge him by it as you see him every day under your eyes. Turn on him the full light of the noon-day sun; he will not dread it, but do not forget that he is a man taken from among men, who can have compassion on them that are ignorant and err because he himself is compassed with infirmity. But tell me, seeing him in the discharge of his duties, contemplating him with an unprejudiced eye, is it not true that he is always



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found on the side of order and law? Are not his efforts at all times directed toward uplifting, toward ameliorating the condition of his fellowmen? Is he not the conservative factor in the community? Is he not the center about which differing and often jarring elements and nationalities are made to coalesce and live in peace and harmony? Is he not in season and out of season, often at the peril of his own life, found to be an eye to the blind, a staff to the lame, an ear to the deaf, a physician and consoler to the afflicted, a life-giver to the spiritually-dead, a father to the widow and the orphan, a protector to the outcast and the homeless, a preacher of the gospel to the poor?

His gospel preaching has for its object what Jesus Christ had in view in his teachings—that men may have life and have it more abundantly. “Teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you,” and these things which Christ commanded to be taught and which the parish priest does teach, fit man not only for the abundant life of citizenship in heaven, but also for good citizenship in the commonwealth, for the very reason that fidelity to the law of God is the best pledge and evidence of fidelity to the laws of the republic. “If any man say I love God and hateth his brother, the truth is not in him.” Tell me, then, contemplating the parish priest in action, if this be not his record, if he hath not builded according to the model given by the Divine Master of the kingdom? A faithful imitator of his divine model, do not his works give testimony of him, a testimony, too, which does not fear scrutiny? “Blessed,” says the Lord, “are those



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who are not scandalized in me," but there are those who are scandalized in the parish priest: his motives are questioned; his actions are misinterpreted; he is not infrequently regarded as altogether unworthy of confidence; but may he not say to his traducers, "If I have spoken evil give testimony of the evil, but if well, why strikest thou me?" And they give no testimony of the evil, yet they strike him.

But, my beloved brethren, let us not delay longer with the parish priest as it were in the abstract; let us consider him in the concrete; let us contemplate him nearer home; let us turn our gaze for a moment on Boston's parish priest, whose golden jubilee we are to-day celebrating. As a citizen, his coming in and going out among you cover the whole period of his life—more than three score and ten years—as a parish priest his coming in and going out extend over two score and ten years. If to-day the stranger within your walls were to ask what means this elaborate celebration, this universal joy, this manifestation of general good will, you would promptly and properly answer, "Boston is engaged to-day in celebrating the golden sacerdotal jubilee of Boston's parish priest." But were it further asked, "What are his claims to this striking expression of affection and esteem?" you would unhesitatingly answer, "Behold his works, they give testimony of him; they tell you why we rejoice, and why our wives and children rejoice with us—these works declare that the life of our parish priest is faithfully shaped after the life of the model of parish priests, Jesus Christ. The

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asylums for the orphans and the foundlings, the hospitals for the afflicted, the homes for the aged poor, the reformatories and houses of refuge for the wayward and the homeless, with which his parish is dotted, proclaim that under his care the blind are made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk and the lepers cleansed."

Moreover, the poor have the gospel preached to them, preached in the Christian schools and colleges of every grade with which the portion of Christ's kingdom intrusted to his supervision is provided, schools which, while aspiring to give, and in reality giving, the highest secular training, insist that as the heart as well as the head is a component part of the human being, so the training of the heart must receive its due share of attention, if Christian education would be what it should be—a harmonious development of all the faculties of the man.

Yea, the poor have the gospel preached to them, mediately if you will, yet in a special manner in that institution, fitting monument to the pastoral foresight and zeal of its devoted founder—the grand ecclesiastical Seminary of St. John, whence issue forth each year a goodly procession of God's anointed ministers, whose duty it is to preach the gospel to the poor and the rich, the learned and the unlearned, the old and the young, in the numerous beautiful and well-appointed church edifices found at every turn. And this gospel teaching, whether heard in the higher or lower school, in the college or in the seminary, in the chapel or in the cathedral, has for its object the

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bringing of man to the faithful observance of the great command: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Yes, my brethren, say you with honest pride, behold his works, they give testimony of him, and, you add, blessed are those who are not scandalized in him! Blessed are his fellow-citizens, who, in contemplating his works—church edifices, educational institutions, charitable and reformatory establishments, well-organized congregations, bodies of orderly and law-abiding citizens—blessed if, while contemplating these, the work of his hands, all of which, or nearly all of which, fifty years ago had no existence, they will conclude, as doubtless they have long ago concluded, that the labors in season and out of season, the anxieties, the perplexities, the sacrifices incidental to the establishment and carrying on of these works, had no other end in view in the mind of Boston's parish priest than God's glory and the welfare of his fellow-men.

Addressing his fellow-citizens of his native state and city, paternally turning to the devout laity of the flock, and affectionately embracing his devoted clergy who have borne with him the burden and heat of the day, between whom and himself exists that singular bond of union which Christ asked for His disciples, "That they may be one as we also are one," addressing himself to all, your worthy prelate-priest may adopt as his own the motto of another great prelate-

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parish priest, St. Augustine: "What do I wish, what do I desire, why do I speak, why do I sit or stand, why do I live, unless that we may live together in Christ? This is my hope, this is my joy, this is my treasure; I am unwilling to be saved without you."

Yes, beloved brethren, you rejoice to-day, and the sound of your joy is heard afar off, as, assembled about this sanctuary, you offer hearty congratulations to, and earnest prayers for, your great and good prelate-parish priest. And may we not say that the sound of your joy has penetrated even to the heavens, and that the refrain is there taken up by the prelates who have received consecration at his hands, by the priests who were exalted by him to their sacred dignity, by the consecrated religious who have pronounced their vows in his presence, by the orphans whom he has sheltered, by the afflicted whom he has comforted, by the penitents whom he has absolved—all singing their hosannas and thanksgivings, and sending up to the throne of grace petitions for the happiness and peace on earth and the eternal peace and happiness in heaven of Boston's parish priest!

Wise and venerable prelate, united with your devoted clergy and devout laity and esteemed fellow-citizens, permit us, your brethren in the episcopate, some of us your children in God, and the venerable clergy in every jurisdiction, to offer sincere congratulations on this memorable occasion, and to pray the Prince of Pastors, whom you so faithfully serve and imitate, to spare you yet many years, and to grant that when the time will have come that in His provi-

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dence He summons you to lay aside the pastoral staff, you may merit to hear from Him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things; enter into the joy of thy Lord." *Deo et Mariæ gratias!*

Another favorite theme was the primacy of Peter, the consequent authority of the Pope, and the validity of the priestly orders. Who that ever heard him trace, link by link, the chain that binds the latest ordained priest to the first Head of the Church at Rome can forget the eloquence of word and look, the sincerity of tone, that compelled conviction—for the time being at least—even on the part of those who would not believe! This was the topic he chose for his sermon at the enshrining in the cathedral at Burlington of that precious relic, a link from the chains that bound St. Peter.

### SERMON AT THE ENSHRINING OF A LINK OF ST. PETER'S CHAIN.

My Beloved Brethren—We are here to-day at the invitation of your venerable and venerated bishop for the purpose of participating in the ceremony of the enshrining of a most precious relic, no less precious a relic, indeed, than a link from the chain of St. Peter. What is meant by the "chain of St. Peter"? By the chain of St. Peter is meant, in this case, that chain with which the apostle was bound and held captive for the faith in that famous Roman dungeon



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called the Mamertime Prison. Your venerable ordinary, during a recent visit to the Eternal City, with the gracious permission and kindly courtesy of the Supreme Pontiff, succeeded in securing for his diocese a link of this precious chain. In becoming the possessor of it, he and his diocese have been favored as no individual or locality in this western hemisphere has hitherto been favored, inasmuch as no portion of the chain of St. Peter had previously found its way within the limits of this American continent.

During the exercises of the solemn and public enshrining of this precious relic, we shall doubtless learn more of the details of St. Peter's imprisonment both in Jerusalem and in Rome, and of the miraculous manner in which the chains with which he was bound in these different and distant prisons were united when brought in contact with each other. You are favored in having among your treasures here a fac-simile of these chains in their united condition.

A link from the chain of St. Peter! It is found in this diocese of Burlington, in these United States of America, in this nineteenth century, and the possession of it, base metal as it is, is valued beyond treasures of gold and silver, and precious and richly ornamented shrines are prepared for its reception. This link of the chain of St. Peter could find itself here in no other way than by the permission, mediate or intermediate, of one individual, that one individual Leo XIII, Pope. And who is Leo XIII? He is the last link forged to that long chain of popes which extends



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itself over the ages until the first link is reached. That first link is Peter, the first pope, and that first link, Peter, was forged by the Master Forger, Jesus Christ. This link then of the chain with which the hands and feet of the first pope were bound, is placed within our reach and touch by the gracious permission of the latest and now reigning pope. Pleasing, striking, and truth-conveying coincidence! for not only of the material treasures of Peter is Leo the custodian, but, above and beyond all things material, is he the guardian and dispenser of the spiritual treasures committed to Peter.

Now it will not be amiss to ask ourselves who is this Peter. St. Peter, we learn from Holy Writ, was a native of Bethsaida in Galilee, and in early life was by occupation a fisherman. He lived during the life of our Blessed Lord, and was one of His apostles. Now, as Peter's prominence comes altogether from his association with Christ, and is of Christ's gift and appointment, it will be well before proceeding farther to ask ourselves, who is Christ? God the Son, the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity, having united the human nature to His own divine nature, gives us the one Person whom we know as Jesus Christ. "In the beginning," says the sacred writer, "was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." "Being in the form of God He took the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man." Jesus Christ then is God and man. "It was the son of God," says St. Augustine, "who

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became man." But why did he become man? He became man in order that men might have life and have it more abundantly. And this life He gives to man by His death. "When we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son Jesus Christ," he rubbing out the hand-writing of the decree of sin that stood against us, fastening it to His cross. Christ, then, true God and true man, is also the redeemer of all men—"He gave himself a redemption for all," says the apostle.

Having satisfied ourselves, therefore, as to who Christ is, let us repeat that Peter's prominence, dignity, and prerogatives are of Christ's giving and appointment, and, bearing this in mind, we shall be able to estimate Peter's dignity and privileges at their true value. Now let us trace for a moment the connection between the God-man, Jesus Christ, and the fisherman, Peter. At their first meeting, Christ speaking as "one having power," changes the name of Simon, by which Peter had hitherto been known, to that of Peter. "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas which is interpreted Peter"—a name which betokened the work for which Peter was destined. Of old, in selecting Abraham for the office of head of the chosen people, God said, "Neither shalt thy name be called any more Abram, but thou shalt be called Abraham, because I have made thee the father of many nations." So would Christ say to Peter, "Thou shalt no longer be called Peter the rock, because I have made thee the founda-

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tion of My church, the Pope, the father of My people."

Peter, like unto the other eleven who with him constituted the apostolic body, listening to the command of Christ, "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men," left all things and followed Him. The apostles then having been chosen, "the first among them," says the sacred writer, "being Simon who is called Peter," our Lord sends them forth to announce to the people that "the kingdom of God is at hand." After their return from the labors of their mission, He took them into a desert place apart, and after He had prayed some time alone, addressing His apostles, He asked them, "Who do men say that I am?" They replied, "Some say that you are Elias, others that you are John the Baptist or one of the prophets." But He asked Peter, "Who do you say that I am?" And Peter, rising up, replies from the depths of his ruggedly affectionate soul, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answering said, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed this to thee, but my Father who is in heaven." Having heard from the lips of the chiefest of His apostles this explicit profession of faith in His divinity, and having announced that this truth was a revelation by God the Father to Peter, our Lord deems it well to instruct His apostles regarding the plan which He proposes to adopt for the carrying on by application, unto the end of time, the work of redemption commenced by Him; that is, He will determine upon a way by which

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the merits of redemption will continue to be applied to the souls of men after He himself will have ceased to appear visibly among them. The instrument which He proposes to use in perpetuating His work is His church. His divinity being thus confessed by His apostles, He now, in the plenitude of His power, tells them, and through them all future generations, of the character and office of this church which He intends to make His mouthpiece and representative among men. He also tells them what will be the privileges of the visible foundation and capstone of this visible church; and these He does when addressing himself to Peter, who had just declared of Him, "Thou art Christ, the Son of God." He says: "Thou art Peter; upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." God-like powers! Yes, but the giver is God!

But in order that man may be free from even a shadow of doubt where there is question of an unerring guide in the all-important matter of salvation, the Divine Founder of the church, not satisfied with promising that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the superstructure, further promises that the foundation on which He will build this superstructure shall be immovable, that the powers of evil shall not prevail against it; hence, addressing Peter, the already proclaimed foundation of His church, He

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says: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren"—and he might have added, "Peter, I am God, incapable therefore of deceiving, and capable of fulfilling my promises."

When the days were near at hand when our Lord was to cease to appear visibly among men, and, consequently, as the time was approaching when His vicar must begin to act, He solemnly and publicly confirmed the promises made to Peter. Having exacted from this apostle a thrice-repeated act of supreme love—"Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee!" he said to him in solemnly emphatic tones: "Feed my lambs; feed my sheep"—that is, teach, rule, and govern the entire flock, both pastors and people; pastors and people must turn to thee as my infallible vicar, for "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail thee not." Who, then, is this Peter, a link of whose prison-chain we are to enshrine this day? He is manifestly another Christ, inasmuch as he is Christ's duly appointed vicar.

Peter, being fully satisfied of his selection as vicar of His Master, as also were his fellow-apostles and the disciples, immediately after our Lord's ascension into heaven enters upon the discharge of the duties of his high office. He directs that the vacancy in the apostolic college, caused by the defection of Judas Iscariot, shall be filled. He is the first to announce to the representatives of the whole world assembled in



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Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, the doctrines of the new law. It is to him that the people come on that Pentecost day, saying: "What shall we do, men and brethren?" The first Gentiles to enter into the fold of Christ are directed to come to him for guidance: "He will tell thee what thou must do," said the angel of the Lord. At the council of Jerusalem, all disputing and dissension ceased after Peter had spoken. Then, as now, Peter had spoken, the case was finished.

But this primacy of Peter was not given for the sole benefit of the apostolic age, when indeed it seemed to be little needed, but it must remain in the church forever for the perpetual welfare of the church. Unto the consummation of the world, the lambs and the sheep will need a shepherd, hence the primacy is transmitted by divine institution to the bishops of Rome, who are Peter's successors. The fathers from the earliest ages, and the general councils, especially those of Florence and of the Vatican, declare that the bishop of Rome as the successor of Peter is the Father and Teacher of all Christians, that to him is given full power to feed, rule, and govern the universal church. Indeed, as Peter entered upon the discharge of his duties as vicar of Christ immediately after the ascension of his Master, and as the other apostles and the faithful acknowledged Peter's jurisdiction, so, too, after Peter's death, his successors in the See of Rome entered at once upon the discharge of their duties as vicars of Christ; and, as Peter's jurisdiction was acknowledged by the apostles and



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faithful, so the jurisdiction of the bishops of Rome has been acknowledged by pastors and people. This is exemplified in a very striking manner by the appeal of the Corinthians, in their dispute, to St. Clement, St. Peter's third successor, notwithstanding that St. John the apostle was then living and much nearer to them than was St. Clement. Clement's decision was final, for the Corinthians knew as we know that "where St. Peter is, there is the church." The supreme authority exercised by a Peter and a Clement has been exercised by their successors in the See of Rome through all the ages, and will continue to be exercised until time shall be no more. The right to this authority has been enshrined in golden phrases by the greatest minds of every age. "I am in communion with your holiness," says St. Jerome, writing to Pope St. Damasus, "for I know that he who gathereth not with thee scattereth." Says St. Augustine, speaking of the condemnation by the Holy See of the Pelagian heresy: "Rome has spoken, the case is finished." Leo IV is saluted by the bishops of the council of Chalcedon as "head of the members."

Who then, again, speaking of this our own day, is Peter? Peter, the vicar of Christ, is Leo XIII, and Leo XIII is Peter because, as Peter's lawful successor, as bishop of Rome, he feeds, guides, and rules the universal church. And as in Peter's day men turned to him saying: "Teach us what we must do" to be saved, so too to-day, if the world would be saved, men must turn to Leo, Peter's successor, and say: "What must we do to be saved?" And Leo alone can tell

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them what they must do, because Leo alone can speak to them with an unerring authority of that Christ, the Redeemer of the world, in whose name alone of all names under heaven, men can find salvation.

Personally, how striking is the resemblance between the first pope, Peter, and the latest, Pope Leo, whom God preserve for many years! As Peter was imprisoned for defending the doctrines of his Master, so is Leo. As the whole church was united in prayer for Peter's release, so is the church engaged in petitions to the throne of mercy for the release from bondage of Leo. As Peter from his place in the watchtower of Israel embraces in his vision and in his heart all the nations of the earth, so does Leo, as is strikingly shown in his recent magnificent encyclical "to the rulers and the peoples of the world," an encyclical telling in every line of a heart overflowing with the ardent zeal of an apostle, the abiding strength of a father, and the deep affection of a mother. And from his place in the watch-tower the Supreme Pontiff sends to us to-day a very special message, for in giving a link of the chain of St. Peter to the venerable bishop of Burlington, he added: "This will cause the pope to be known in the United States." May God so grant, for where the pope is truly known, there he is really loved and served! But O great Pontiff! thou art known here—thou couldst not be unknown—and in no place in this broad earth has Leo more loyal, more devoted children than in the United States! Prostrate before the throne of the all-powerful God, we beg that thy precious life may be spared many

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years, and that he may send his angels to throw wide thy prison doors as he sent them to break the chains and open the prison gates for thy predecessor, the blessed Peter.

Although, as has been said, Bishop Bradley seldom took active part in civic affairs, his refusal to do so was not owing to any lack of patriotism or to want of interest in what concerned his city or state or country. No better citizen ever lived, none more loyal to his adopted country, none more firm in his belief in her institutions, and he was frequently consulted by those intrusted with their management. But he believed that patriotism is closely allied to religion, that to be true to his country a man must first be true to his God,—a belief that he never lost an opportunity of expressing. He liked to speak to bodies of young men on the duties of good citizenship, and in his frequent informal talks before various organizations he usually reminded the members of their obligations in this regard, and pointed out to them the necessity of individual honesty in matters political if the government as a whole is to be uncorrupted. Such a talk was that delivered at a banquet given on the twenty-second of February, 1889, by the Bradley Lyceum, in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington. This was not intended for publication, but as it gives his views on this subject, it is here reproduced.

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ADDRESS AT A BANQUET GIVEN BY THE YOUNG MEN OF  
THE BRADLEY LYCEUM ON WASHINGTON'S  
BIRTHDAY, 1899.

This is a celebration having for its object, not an individual, but an idea, and the formal and definite expression of this idea. What is the idea—what the formal expression thereof? The answer always is—the establishment of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. A government of this character was formally established on this western continent, one hundred years ago to-day, by the inauguration of its first chief magistrate in the person of that providential being, whose ability in the struggle for independence and liberty had made first in war, and whose supereminent fitness had made first in peace—the immortal, glorious, and only Washington! In commemorating the foundation of the republic, we cannot, and must not, shut our eyes to its unequalled prosperity and justly proud pre-eminence among the nations, at the close of this, the first century of its existence. From three millions we have become sixty millions; instead of thirteen states we number forty-two. And mark that our population has not been increased nor our territory extended by the sacrifice of human life, by unscrupulous ambition, by glaring and crying injustices, but by the calm, peaceful, persuasive, effective influence of the form of government under which we live. Reflect again, my dear young men, that, as effect is traceable to cause, so our present glorious condition is, under God, the

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result of the action of the founders of the republic, who laid the broad and deep foundations thereof on God and on unselfish patriotism. Would our second centennial be proportionately glorious as our first, it must be ours to continue the work of the fathers, to be true to the motto found upon our coins—"In God we trust"—and to see that the exercise of our rights of citizenship be characterized by intelligent, unselfish love of country.

Allow me also, my dear young men, to congratulate you upon your appreciation of that fitness of things which prompted you, the members of a distinctly Catholic organization, to celebrate the event commemorated on this day. You doubtless wish to recall to our minds that the genius of a Catholic Columbus, the material resources cheerfully and enthusiastically furnished by Isabella the Catholic and by the persevering, powerful influence of the Friar Perez, rendered possible the celebration proper to this occasion. You wish to emphasize the fact that the assistance rendered on land and sea to our forefathers, in the struggle for independence, by generous Catholic France, the salutary restraining influence of Spain upon some of the would-be hostile states of Europe, and the strong arms and generous, valiant hearts of the sons of suffering Catholic Poland and Ireland, rendered possible that day which witnessed the conquered Cornwallis and his soldiers pass as prisoners of war between the followers of Washington on the one side, and the Catholic soldiers of France on the other, a fact which, in its turn, rendered not only pos-



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sible but probable the day when the glorious Washington would take his position as the first chief executive of that nation which his unwearied perseverance and intemperate valor had helped to found.

We wish, also, my dear young men, to show that the Catholic church can grow and prosper under all lawful forms of government, that she is inimical to none, that she simply asks a fair field and no favor. And in your capacity as members of a Catholic association, it behooves you to stop for a moment and review the history of the church in this republic during the century just closed. The record is a brilliant and glorious one. One hundred years ago she had about thirty thousand members and twenty-five or thirty priests; to-day her children number about twelve millions, she has a hierarchy composed of seventy-three archbishops and bishops, and a priesthood numbering between seven and eight thousand. In a few months she too will have her centennial celebration, namely, when she will commemorate the consecration of her first bishop, the saintly prelate and honest patriot, John Carroll. Of this patriarch of the American hierarchy Washington said: "Of all the men whose influence was potent in securing the success of the revolution, Bishop Carroll of Baltimore is the man." An English king calls him, "The rebel bishop, Washington's Richelieu, the man who induced the pope of Rome to use his influence at the French court for the Americans."

I desire again to thank you for your mode of commemorating the inauguration of the first president of the United States. I like to see young men engaged in



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things of this kind; they cannot be too well informed of their duties to their country, which extends over them her protecting arm. But never forget that duty to country, in order to have the true ring, must go hand in hand with duty to God. The man who is false to his God cannot be true to his country. I wish I could imprint in indelible characters upon the mind and heart of each the memorable words of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence. "I have lived," he says, "to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I look back upon now with the greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practiced the duties of my religion."

Just what the bishop's interpretation of good government was is clearly shown in the following sermon, delivered in his cathedral on the Sunday before the formal celebration of Manchester's semi-centennial, referred to on a preceding page:—

### SERMON ON THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

My Beloved Brethren: In the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, Almighty God is represented as giving to the Israelites through their leader, Moses, certain regulations by which they were to be guided in the management of their spiritual and temporal affairs,

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after they should have entered the promised land. Among the particular regulations given on that occasion, we find the following: "Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of the land, for it is the year of jubilee. Every one shall return to his possession and every one shall return to his former family." Among the more general directions we read: "Do not afflict your countrymen, but let every one fear God. Do my precepts, and keep my judgments and fulfill them, that you may dwell in the land."

At this time, we of this municipality are commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of our corporate existence as a city. This is our year of jubilee, and while all that was prescribed by the old law for the observance of the fiftieth year need not and can not be adhered to by us, yet the enthusiasm manifested by all, and the determined purpose to make the celebration of our semi-centennial worthy of our goodly city and worthy of ourselves, indicates that the present is, with us, a time of good will, of mutual forbearance, pride, and joy, and consequently, as of old, a time of "remission to all the inhabitants of the land."

Every former resident returning to his childhood's home and "former family," and every stranger coming within our gates, will find us a city rejoicing in every internal element of prosperity, in extending and spreading limits, in the multiplication of comfortable and attractive homes, and in an ever increasing, law-

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abiding, industrious, intelligent, and prosperous population.

Would we know what has been the secret of whatever of real success we have attained in the past and what must be the basis of our stability and prosperity in the future? We shall find the answer in what I trust always has been and always will be our proper interpretation and application of the divine precept: "Do not afflict your countrymen, but let every one fear his God." And who are our countrymen? Every one over whom our constitution throws the aegis of its protection is our countryman, and as the constitution guarantees protection and equal rights to all within our borders, therefore all our fellow citizens of every race and creed are our countrymen, and because such, are not to be "afflicted" in any of their rights and prerogatives.

The rich must not afflict the poor in their rights, nor the poor the rich; the old the young, nor the young the old; the strong the weak, nor the weak the strong; the employer the employed, nor the employed the employer. "Do not then afflict your countrymen," says the Lord, and He adds moreover, "Let every one fear his God." Yea, for the fear of God is the corner-stone of genuine patriotism, and let no one because of his manner of fearing and serving his Creator and Redeemer be "afflicted" in or deprived of any of his guaranteed rights and privileges.

Almighty God continues to give further elements which must underlie the prosperity of communities: "Do my precepts," He adds. In order that we may

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“do” God’s precepts, we must first know that God has a right to give precepts and commands. We must therefore be taught regarding His supreme dominion over His creatures, and we must be taught that this supreme dominion gives Him the right to make laws and precepts, and also the right to exact obedience to these precepts from His creatures. We must then be taught that precepts have really been given by God, and, having learned this, we must be instructed what these precepts are, in order that we may “do” them, and, doing them, attain the end of our creation, which end is the eternal God. “The Lord hath made all things for Himself.” “I am the beginning and the end.”

Every student of social problems will admit that the time to acquire a knowledge of fundamental truths, to which reference has been made, is when the mind is in the formative period, that is, during childhood, and consequently the obligation of teaching these truths devolves upon all to whom God has given the duty of training the child.

The knowing of God’s precepts, as we see, must precede the doing of them, and the doing of them is a requisite element of the prosperity of communities. “Do my precepts.” God in His wisdom continues to point out other things which contribute to the prosperity and stability of communities and commonwealths. “Keep my judgments and fulfill them,” says the Lord, “that you may dwell in the land.” By God’s judgment we may be permitted to understand the laws of the land. All just laws are from God,

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because "there is no power but from God, and he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God." "By Me," says the Lord, "kings reign and lawyers decree just things." The power of making and executing human laws is reposed by God in the people, who in turn repose this power in their chosen representatives. The immediate source then of human laws is found in the people. With us the vehicle through which this power is transmitted is what is termed the ballot, and on the intelligent, conscientious use of this vehicle of power, depend the permanency of our institutions, the prosperity of our communities, and in a word, our "dwelling in the land." By placing the ballot in the hands of the people, God constitutes them His law makers, makes them in this particular His representatives. How necessary that we should value our privilege at its true worth, how essential that we should never prostitute our dignity as God's representatives by any abuse of our power, how important that we should employ the ballot, the vehicle of this power, for God's glory and the common good of our country!

Let us, then, of this beautiful city of Manchester, sanctify this fiftieth year of our existence by thanksgiving to God for His favors; let us proclaim absolute "remission" and the presence of peace and goodwill among all, and in order that we may "dwell in the land" in prosperity and happiness, let us not afflict our countrymen. Let every one among us fear God, let all do God's precepts, and keep His judgments and fulfill them, and then our semi-centennial



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celebration will be a red-letter day in our existence, will be a milestone on which our children and our children's children will find engraved salutary directions for peace, prosperity, and true happiness.

Hardly second to the bishop's love for the country of his adoption, was his love for the land that gave him birth. Though too young when he left it to have seen or to remember much about it, the patriotism inherent in every Irish heart was not wanting to his, and all movements for the betterment of Ireland's condition received his hearty support. In his trips to Europe, he always included Ireland in his itinerary, sought out his birthplace and the relatives still living there, and visited all the spots famed for their beauty of scenery or tradition. St. Patrick's day, which at his request the Holy See raised to a festival of the first class for the diocese of New Hampshire, was celebrated with special devotion in his own cathedral church, and his eulogies of the great apostle were eloquent and complete.

### SERMON ON THE FEAST OF ST. PATRICK.

My Beloved Brethren: The Royal Prophet, describing the conditions of his people, during their exile in Babylon, puts into their mouths these touching words:—"Upon the waters of Babylon there we sat and wept when we remembered Sion. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee." I seldom read these words of the Psalmist



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without instituting in my own mind a comparison between the Jews in their captivity and the children of Ireland scattered throughout the world, exiles from the land and homes so dear to them. As the Jews were led captives from the promised land of their fathers, so the children are forced by the circumstances in which they are placed, to seek in far distant lands the freedom, justice, and means of subsistence denied them in their own beautifully fertile island-home; and as the Jews sat by the waters of the land of their exile and wept when they thought of Sion, and, weeping, solemnly affirmed their devotion and attachment to home and fatherland, so too the Irish exiles, wherever found, turn in a special manner, on the festival of St. Patrick, a longing, loving, tearful gaze to the old land, and, turning, solemnly say: "If we forget thee, O Erin, let our right hands be forgotten; let our tongues cleave to our jaws if we do not remember thee." Now this solemn protestation does not and cannot detract from the fidelity and devotion which they bear to the laws and institutions of their adopted country, nor from their duty and purpose of defending these laws and institutions even with their life's blood. The love which they bear their native land strengthens, purifies, and intensifies their love for the land of their adoption.

I have said that the feast of Ireland's patron saint is, of all others, a day in which the Irish exile, turning towards the old land, seeks to renew and add fuel to that flame of love for faith and fatherland which burns in his breast. There is a reason for

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this: because he finds that the brightest page in his country's history is that which tells of the adoption of Christianity by the people of Ireland, and tells also of the events of the three or four centuries following this adoption. The German antiquarian, Wattenbuck, writing of this period, says: "When the whole western world seemed irrevocably sunk in barbarism, Ireland alone afforded a refuge for the remnants of the old civilization." Says St. Bernard: "From Ireland, as from an overflowing stream, crowds of holy men descended on foreign nations." A modern writer, speaking of this same period, says: "Rome ranked first on account of her antiquity and extent of territory; Constantinople second, because the Byzantine kingdom succeeded the Roman Empire; and Ireland third, not on account of conquests or extent of territory, but because of her intellectual greatness, her civilizing successes, and her religious invasions of the hearts of men."

The festival of St. Patrick is also a day which, on account of its individually domestic character, carries the mind of the exile back to his humble home and its surroundings. He recalls the scenes of his childhood and early youth, he pictures to himself his aged parents, surrounded by loving and devoted children; their home may be humble, may be poor, but it sheltered a united family. He recalls the cruel day and fate which witnessed the breaking up of this family circle, by causing some of its members to seek in the land of the stranger what was denied them in their own. He pictures to himself the father and the

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mother going down in sorrow to their graves, long before nature's allotted time, because their loved ones, on whom they had hoped to rest, had been torn from them. He remembers the venerable priest of God who blessed the union of his parents, poured the saving waters of baptism on his own head, and often extended the absolving hand over him. He remembers well the day when his turn came to leave his dear native home and he knelt at the feet of this same venerable priest of God, who, again extending his hands over him in benediction, wished him a God-speed. And repicturing the scenes of earlier days, sitting by the waters of the land of his exile, he weeps when he remembers Erin, saying:—"If I forget thee, O Erin, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee."

The festival of St. Patrick is again a time of turning to the old land because the child of Erin knows well that Ireland's apostle is still Ireland's protector and intercessor, and a powerful protector, because near to the throne of the God of power and of mercy, and because a lover of his children. He knows that severe as his trials and tribulations may be, the great Patron will enable him to sanctify them. You remember, my beloved brethren, the vision of Judas Machabeus. The great leader saw in a vision, kneeling before the throne of God, a venerable man; his arms were extended in supplication; his eyes were turned imploringly towards God's throne; and he was given to understand that this was the high priest Onias, who was praying for all the people of the Jews. He saw an-

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other man, admirable for age and glory, who too was supplicating God in prayer, and he was told that this was Jeremias, a great lover of his people, who prayed much for them. And Jeremias stretched forth his hand and gave to Judas a sword of gold, saying, "Take this holy sword, a gift from God, wherewith thou shalt overcome the adversaries of my people, Israel." And may not we, beloved brethren, in all justice and truth, picture to ourselves our great apostle and great lover of his people, supplicating Almighty God to be the protector and guide of these children of his, whose glory it is that, notwithstanding persecution unspeakable, Ireland has stood forth faithful to that God and to the faith given her by St. Patrick? This love of country is something implanted in the heart of each one of us by Almighty God. Love of God and country must ever go hand in hand. How beautifully is this manifested in the life of St. Columbkille, who is associated with St. Patrick as one of Ireland's greatest saints. When the cruel decree came which banished him from his native land, he says: "I stand on the high prow of the ship and I look over the sea: tears are in my eyes when I turn to Erin—to Erin where the young are so good, and the old so wise." Again he says to the young man who was returning: "Noble youth, carry my blessing across the sea: carry it to the west. My heart is broken in my bosom."

Truly has the poet said:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land."

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But as with these saintly lovers of country, so with us, love of country must ever go hand in hand with love of God. What God's law makes unlawful can never be made lawful by so-called patriotism or love of country. The truest, purest, most successful patriots have been above board, and in line with God's law. Where there is infidelity to God there can be no fidelity to man or cause. You will observe, my brethren, that the patriotism of those whose methods are dark and whose ways are not God's ways is devoid of the true ring. Usually they talk much, exhort loudly, but rarely make any sacrifice for the cause they pretend to champion, and are always conveniently distant from the post of danger. Let us cultivate, my beloved brethren, that true love of country which goes hand in hand with the love of God. Let us on this day, turning heavenward, ask our Apostolic Patron to watch over and intercede for those men who are at present laboring so steadily and so bravely for Ireland's peace and happiness; whose methods are above board, and whose labors are so soon to be crowned with success.

Yes, let us always love the old land with a heaven-guided love. She deserves this love, for—

"She is a rich and rare land,  
She is a sweet and fair land,  
This native land of mine!"

Though essentially a man of peace, the good prelate, true soldier of Christ that he was, recognized man's duty of responding to the call to arms when necessity demands. At the beginning of the late



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war with Spain, the departure of the Sheridan Guards for Camp Thomas was a memorable occasion in Manchester. There was a great public demonstration, the first act of which was the assembling of the company, all Catholics, at the cathedral, where they attended the bishop's Mass and received Holy Communion in a body. At the close of the services the bishop spoke to the men briefly and feelingly.

### ADDRESS TO SHERIDAN GUARDS.

My Dear Young Men:—I think all agree that the first essential of a good soldier is obedience to his superior officer. When you had yourselves enrolled as a portion of the soldiery of your own state of New Hampshire, you thereby acknowledged as your chief superior the executive of the state. Your record will give evidence that you have not been wanting in this regard, in that obedience which underlies all that goes to make the good soldier. Another executive, outranking, by the exalted dignity and importance of his position, the one to whom you had promised and towards whom you had hitherto exercised submission, calls, as is his right, through your immediate superior, for your services in a more extended sphere, in the defense of the common country of all, and as usual your soldierly obedience is prompt, unqualified, and entire, and you say, "We are ready." But before enrolling yourselves in the army of your state or country, you had already enrolled yourselves in another army, namely, in the army of Jesus Christ, in which



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you had been enlisted by your baptism and confirmation. Your presence here to-day in this house of God, together with your most praiseworthy action of having your souls nourished with the body and blood of Christ, is evidence of the fact that no deserters are found among you from that grand army into which you had long since been admitted, and of which Jesus Christ, the chiefest of chief executives, is the commander and leader. And, my dear young men, this action of yours, in, as it were, pitching your tents here this morning, under the eyes of your chief commander, Jesus Christ, and asking and receiving with filial submission his commands, is the surest pledge to your officers in the active worldly army into which you are soon to enter, of your fidelity and trustworthiness. For it is only the man who is faithful to his God that can in the fullest sense be faithful to his fellowmen.

You do not go alone, my dear young men, into your new and perilous life,—as guardian angels, fathers and mothers and relatives and friends will accompany you by their thoughts and prayers. They will beseech the God of all Power to guide and protect you and make you in all things worthy defenders of a country which is worthy of man's highest and noblest aspirations and efforts. We, as your pastors, as we stand, day after day, at the altar of God, will pray him to watch over, direct, and guide our boys, and bring them all back to us with a record of duty everywhere and always discharged in a manner worthy of the exalted soldierly ideals which we have

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formed for them. But while we pray God to bless you to-day and always, we also most earnestly implore that the horrors of war may not be prolonged and that we may soon find ourselves once more in what is our normal condition, namely, the pursuit of happiness, prosperity, and success by peaceful and peaceable methods.

The events of those next few trying months are still fresh in the minds of all who followed with aching hearts the sufferings of the soldier boys at Chickamauga. Not many weeks after the brilliant scenes of departure, the city mourned the loss of Corporal William Dervin, who died in camp and whose body was sent home for burial. The bishop's remarks at the solemn requiem Mass for the repose of his soul touched every heart. The sermon, which we give here, was telegraphed to Chickamauga, and read the same night to the stricken soldier boys assembled about their campfire.

### SERMON AT THE FUNERAL OF CORPORAL DERVIN.

A casual observer, looking into this sacred edifice this morning, would be prompted to say, "I witnessed a like scene here more than three months since," but the scene is not in reality the same. On that bright May morning the color of the vestments worn by us at the altar was indicative of joy and gladness, because we were then offering the Holy Sacrifice for and invoking the divine blessing on our boys who were going forth with buoyant step and

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happy, cheerful hearts to do battle for God and country. We told our boys at that time that the prayers of pastors and parents and friends would be with them as guardian angels on their distant tenting grounds, and that we hoped to meet them, every one, when the horrors of war were over, in this same sanctuary, and chant with them and for them the *Te Deum* of thanksgiving. But Providence has designed otherwise, and the sombre vestments with which we are clothed this morning give evidence that the scene of to-day differs from that of the sweet May morning of more than three months since.

We are not assembled to chant the *Te Deum* of thanksgiving for the safe and honorable return of our boys, every one, but rather to chant the solemn funeral hymn of the *Dies Irae*, because of the presence before our altar of the lifeless remains of one of these boys, who, on that other occasion, occupied a place in a pew opposite to where his remains repose to-day, and who with elastic step marched from that pew to this altar to have his soul strengthened with the Holy Communion of the body and blood of Christ. We are here to discharge the last offices of religion to Corporal William Dervin, who went forth to do battle that peace may once again reign in his beloved country, and whose soldierly soul went to render the account of its stewardship to the God of Armies, on the very day on which hostilities ceased and peace was proclaimed. It is true he did not meet death in battle array, in active encounter with the enemy, but he did meet death in that place where obedience to his su-

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perior officers had placed him: obedience is the soldier's supreme law, and when death comes in the discharge of duty, imposed by obedience, it is always glorious. When, therefore, in the roll-call of Company B, First New Hampshire volunteers, the name of Corporal William Dervin is reached and called, the answer will go forth: "Died on the field of honor." And when the roster of the Sheridan Guards is placed in position in the armory, opposite the name of Corporal William Dervin we will find the legend: "Died on the field of duty." May God have mercy on his soul.

We told our boys on that bright May morning three months ago that they would not be forgotten; that the prayers of the loving mother, the devoted father, and the tender sister would accompany them as so many guardian spirits. They have so accompanied them; and one devoted mother, who day after day said, "O God, protect and guide my soldier boy and bring him back safe to his mother's love and embrace," says, as she hears that her boy is no more: "May God's holy will be done; my child has done his duty." . . . We all join in earnest sympathy to the afflicted ones and in a promise of prayer for the departed, for "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."

Yes, the scene is changed. It is not what it was then. The changed scene should serve for a lesson to us. He who then was as active and vigorous as any one of us says to-day from his coffin-pulpit: "To-day

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for me; to-morrow for you." Let us hear and heed the lesson.

It was at times of bereavement like this that some of Bishop Bradley's best sermons were delivered. His tender sympathy for the bereaved, his reverence in the presence of death, his humble submission to the will of God, and his faith in the blessed communion of saints, made his remarks most beautiful and consoling. Three of these sermons are given here: the first, that delivered at the funeral of Fr. William Quirk, the first priest to receive ordination at the hands of the good bishop; the second, the eulogy pronounced over the remains of the Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, D. D., Bishop of Burlington; and the third, his pathetic last words over one who for thirty years had been his own closest, most intimate friend.

### EULOGY OF THE REV. WILLIAM QUIRK.

"For we know, if our earthly house of this habitation be dissolved, that we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in heaven."

Blessed is the Christian who dies in the Lord, thrice blessed the faithful priest who, as dispenser of the graces merited by his Saviour, is justly called *alter Christus*.

The priest whose remains are before you, and shortly to be consigned to the mother earth, was known to you all. I feel assured that you will say with me that of his eternal happiness there should be no doubt. Before he entered the ecclesiastical state, while yet a



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student at college, you were witnesses of his frequent going forths and returns, and, by your presence to-day, show for what you esteemed him. Of his preparation for the ecclesiastical state, and of his conduct therein, his classmates, raised like him to be ministers of God, and other friends in the clergy, give testimony and proclaim his virtue.

But of his too short career in the discharge of his ecclesiastical duties, I may be permitted to speak, for he was ours. He was the first priest ordained by me at Manchester. At the time he applied for admission into the newly erected see, I wrote to the superior of the seminary in regard to him, and in his reply were these words: "In adopting Mr. Quirk you deprive Boston of a great treasure, and gain for yourself one of our best men," and my connection with Father Quirk has verified every word of the communication.

From his conscientious performance of his functions good fruit has sprung. It was but yesterday his pastor told me of the wonderful work he did, the evidence becoming greater every day. Last week, I received a letter from Father Quirk, in which he requested me to ask the Archbishop for permission to say Mass at home, in his room, that he might once more before his death rehearse the sacrifice of Calvary. This showed that he was a lover of the Sacrament.

You must remember that nothing defiled can enter heaven, and that the slightest imperfection is sufficient to debar one's entrance. Hence I bespeak your prayers. His associates in the diocese of Manchester



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have already begun their work of charity, and I know that his friends in the priesthood wherever found will not forget him.

For myself—I who consecrated him and to-day absolve him—how can I ever ascend the altar unmindful of him whom I had hoped to have for many years as my co-laborer! How can I forget him, my first adopted, the first born of my infant diocese! I cannot; I will not.

### SERMON AT THE FUNERAL OF BISHOP DE GOESBRIAND.

My Beloved Brethren:—In the last chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy we read: “And Moses the servant of the Lord died and he buried him in the valley of the land of Moab, and the children of Israel mourned for him.”

Moses, my beloved brethren, as you are aware, was the leader chosen by Almighty God to conduct the children of Israel from Egypt into the promised land. During the forty years spent in this desert-journey, he was in all things their leader, guide, and judge. He was for them the direct and immediate representative of Almighty God; says the sacred writer: “There arose no more a prophet in Israel like unto Moses whom the Lord knew face to face.”

The journey of the Israelites, from Egypt into the land of promise, with its privations and its privileges, its examples of faith and infidelity on the part of the people, and of displeasure and mercy on the part of God, is in a measure figurative of the journeyings of

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mankind through the desert places of this earth unto the promised land of the heavenly Jerusalem; and, as Almighty God gave to the Israelites during their pilgrimage a leader and a prophet whose voice was to be to them as His voice, so in these later days, under the new dispensation, He has given to exiled mankind a leader and a prophet in the person of the vicar of his Divine Son, a vicar whose voice unto erring man is the voice of unerring truth, and whose place is in the watch-tower of Israel, whence he warns his children of approaching danger and whence too he dispenses to them the necessary safeguards and weapons of defence. In communion with this Supreme Head, to whom is given full power to feed, rule, and govern the universal church, and under his jurisdiction but of the same apostolic body with him, Almighty God has constituted others, whom we call bishops, to be rulers in His kingdom; and these are his appointed leaders, prophets, unto the people dwelling within the limits of their respective jurisdictions.

Forty-six years ago this very day one might have seen entering this goodly city, accompanied by a few friends, a man unknown to its people and unknowing them. He comes immediately from the far distant West of our country, but originally from a home of wealth and ease and piety in his own dear devoted Catholic Brittany. Humble and unheralded as is his coming, it will nevertheless mark an epoch in the history of this state, for he brings to its people an important message and announcement, and the message which he brings is that which Moses brought to

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his brethren in the distant past—"The Lord the God of your fathers hath sent me to you." This Moses of the Church of Burlington is conducted to the chair of authority within the then humble temple of God in this city, and there, as the Lord's appointed, he assumes his position as leader, teacher, guide, and judge of his people, and there likewise the representatives of his spare and scattered clergy and people render homage to him as their father and teacher.

After near unto half a century of earnest, faithful discharge of duty, when, like Jacob, "he had ended the commandments wherewith he had instructed his sons, he died," and his children will bury him in the land of Moab.

What have been the commandments, what the works during this half century of this truly apostolic bishop of Burlington? When the disciples of John asked of our Lord a testimony of Himself, he said: "Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen." So let us for a moment relate, though imperfectly and unworthily, what people have seen of the dear departed prelate. What have you of this diocese seen in the career of your late chief pastor in his capacity of bishop, what have you seen in his life as your fellow citizen? As your bishop, you have seen him in season and out of season going hither and thither, within his jurisdiction seeking to bring back to the fold the lost sheep and seeking to lead those within the fold to richer pastures. You have seen him, after the long and fatiguing journey of the day, sitting to a late hour at night with the penitent at

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his knee seeking the pardon of his sins, and on the morrow you have seen him at an early hour at the altar offering in sacrifice the unspotted Victim, and then proceeding on his way to other folds to renew the labors of the day past. There is no nook, no corner, no hamlet, no village, no town, no city of his diocese which has not been repeatedly blessed by his presence and his labors. The fatigues of travel, the inconvenience of lodging, the weariness of mind and body, were no obstacles to the bishop's zeal for souls. Like his model, the great Good Shepherd, he wished to be able to say "I know my sheep and my sheep know me," and with truth he could so say, for there are few if any among the faithful who did not know their bishop and who were not known to him. With truth likewise could he, casting a retrospective eye over the period of his stewardship, say with the Prince of Shepherds, "Of them whom thou hast given me I have not lost any one," for no one was lost through his want of vigilance.

But in addition to these spiritual temples erected by his care, you see about you material temples built by him to the glory of the living God. Forty-six years ago, when this Moses came to lead the faithful of the Burlington diocese, he found five priests and eight humble church edifices; he closes his apostolic eyes to-day on a priesthood numbering seventy, and he beholds the emblem of salvation surmounting ninety church structures, which shelter a population of fifty-five thousand as against the handful found on his arrival in this vineyard of his juris-

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diction. But knowing, as he did, that the church edifice must soon become the prey of the destroying elements or be converted to profane uses if there be no people to worship within its walls, and knowing that if there would be worshippers they must know the God who is the object of their worship, and knowing that they could not know this God unless they were taught, your worthy bishop therefore caused to be established throughout his diocese Christian schools in which, under the benign influence of religion, the whole man—moral, intellectual, and physical—is harmoniously developed. His love for the helpless orphan, the needy and infirm and aged poor, led him to provide for them homes where, being ministered to by those who have consecrated their lives by vow to the care of the poor, sick, and ignorant, they are enabled to forget their dependent condition and to praise and bless God in the sight of his sanctuary.

Our Blessed Lord gives as an evidence of his mission as Savior of mankind that under his ministrations "the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." May we not find in the life of your chief pastor a faithful reproduction of these characteristics of his Divine Model? Every lawful aspiration of the souls entrusted to his care found a responsive chord in his heart, every ill of soul and body found in him a ready sympathizer and an active helper. The lame, the blind, the deaf, the halt, the poor, the ignorant were all objects of his zeal and his solicitude, and they to-day rise up and call him blessed.



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In contemplating the labors and the triumphs of this Moses of the Burlington diocese, we must not forget that his hands were always held aloft by a zealous clergy, by devout religious, and by a devoted laity, who were his pride and his glory.

These are a few of the things you have seen of your prelate as your bishop. What have you seen of the citizen? During his episcopate the country of his adoption has undergone more than one serious crisis that made demands for the most sterling devotion and patriotism. At all times and in all places the bishop of Burlington showed a lively interest in and concern for the welfare of his country, his state, and his city. He was always found on the side of order and law. His efforts were at all times directed toward the uplifting and the ameliorating of the condition of his fellow men.

Relate what you have seen and heard, but there is a feature in the life of the Bishop of Burlington which the world did not see. The world was not a witness when he saw God face to face in devout meditation and prayer. The world saw nothing of the early watchings and long vigils spent in communion with his Maker. Yet all the works which the world sees originated in this unseen life, and have their value, in the balance of God's justice, from the motives there adopted. That uninterrupted spirit of recollection, always noticeable wherever he appeared; that rapt devotion at the altar; that spirit of living faith so manifest in the discharge of the duties of his ex-



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alted calling,—all had their source in the unseen inner life of the bishop of Burlington.

But my beloved brethren, bishops are of the Apostolic body and are placed to rule the church of God, which He has purchased with His blood. Your prelate belonged therefore not alone to you but to the entire church of God, and, true type of the Christian bishop that he was, the interests of the whole church were his interests. This characteristic of the true bishop manifested itself in the sincere longing, love, and devotion with which he always kept his eyes turned toward the Holy See, the centre of authority. His love, his veneration, his esteem for the Vicar of Christ, manifested in word and in manner, gave evidence that in his eyes he was indeed the Vicar of Christ with all that this term implies. No one hailed with greater joy the convening of the great general council of the Vatican, in whose deliberations he took an active and important part. No one accepted with more hearty submission and grateful rejoicing the grand important definition of the infallibility of the Supreme Pontiff.

Much, however, as the interests of the church at large concerned him, his special interest was in the church in the United States. He had been identified with it, one might say, from its infancy, because of the fact that he had been contemporaneous with the founders of nearly all the episcopacies of the country. He had taken part in most of her councils, plenary and provincial, and always to the edification and profit of his brethren. But that portion of the church

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dearest to him, after his own well-loved diocese, was the great ecclesiastical province of New England, of which his diocese is a part and of whose hierarchy he was the dean. His wise counsels, his soul-loving suggestions, his amiable bishop-like bearing, will always be remembered by us who survive, and when our eyes turn to his vacant place in the council room, we will follow him with a fervent *requiem aeternam dona ei Domine*.

This good shepherd, this Moses of Burlington, is dead. His people mourn for him and they will bury him in the valley of the land of Moab. Literally, my beloved brethren, you will there bury him. The word Moab, according to some commentators, signifies "of the father." How aptly does the chronicler of the burial place of Moses define the final resting place of your chief pastor and leader! You will bury him in the valley in the vault of this beautiful cathedral of which he is the father because he is the founder, a cathedral which will serve the double capacity of his monument and his tomb. From this valley of Moab, from this vault, he would say to you, his clergy and his people, what St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, said to the clergy and laity of his diocese, from his death bed, seventeen hundred years since: "My brethren, accompany me with your prayers and have the charity to offer the Holy Sacrifice for me constantly, for the dead are sustained by the sacrifice of the living." And your dear devoted father and guide will not appeal in vain, you will follow him with the Holy Sacrifice, with your prayers,

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and with your good works. He can not be forgotten, though he would. In every hamlet, village, town, and city of his diocese, he has left the impress of his zeal and of his labors. At every turn you will find what will bring to memory your worthy deceased chief pastor, that Moses who has done so much to lead you into the anticipated pleasures and joys of the Land of Promise, and when you behold these reminders of him and miss him from his accustomed places and duties, follow with a heartfelt *requiescat in pace* your watchful shepherd, your devoted father, your enlightened teacher, and the church's saintly apostolic bishop.

### EULOGY OF FATHER BARRY.

I assure you, my beloved brethren, it is with feelings of no ordinary sorrow and anguish that I assume the melancholy but affectionate duty of saying a last word of him whose mortal remains are here before us—of him who, for near unto half a century has been your devoted, vigilant, and self-sacrificing pastor; the faithful, competent, and loved vicar-general of this diocese; and my own closest, intimate, and affectionate friend, my father and trusted counselor. The mental condition in which I find myself, and the sad circumstances surrounding the occasion, would prompt me to be silent, but a most tender and always reciprocated affection and confidence tell me that I must not intrust to another any of the last sad offices of love and gratitude which are his due.

One week ago to-day and at about this very hour, I

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joined him on a journey to a distant city for the purpose of taking part in certain religious functions. We spent Tuesday together in the transaction of matters of business. On Wednesday morning, when leaving the conventual house in which we were guests, he returned to my apartment after having passed almost to the entrance, and in his own honest, affectionate, gentle way, said, "Really, I do not wish to leave you alone." I said to him, "Do not mind me, I wish to be alone to-day." At five o'clock that same evening, his priestly friend and companion brought the distressing and heart-breaking intelligence that Father Barry had met his death in the terrible manner familiar to you all. As soon as convenient we went to that place where were found the lifeless remains of our very dear friend. But let us not dwell on what we there saw. We want to remember Father Barry as we knew him among us in our own New Hampshire. Let us pass from the unpleasant visible to the pleasant visible. As I gazed upon what was mortal of the departed, I could not refrain from applying to him the words of Holy Writ: "Fear not the sentence of death, remember the things that are gone before you and remember the things that are to come after you." Remember first of all that you were a worthy, true priest of the most high God, dispenser of the mysteries of Christ, and consequently possessing opportunities of storing up treasures against the day of wrath in that treasure-house where no thief entereth and no moth corrupteth. You have been, like your Master and model, an eye to the blind, an ear

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to the deaf, a support to the lame, and a breaker of the bread of the Gospel truth to the poor and the outcast.

There has gone before our departed the child washed through his ministry with the cleansing waters of baptism; the soul comforted, consoled, absolved, and nourished by his hands at the moment of its passage from time to eternity,—and all implore mercy and pardon for their benefactor. There have gone before him those two eminent prelates whose labors and anxieties he shared and whose prudent, discreet, and wise counsellor he had been for so many years: abiding near to the throne of God they can not be unmindful of him to whom in life they owed so much. There has gone before him the good work he has done in organizing and carrying on this newest of the New England dioceses—labors that will be always gratefully remembered by its clergy and ordinary. There have gone before him in a special manner his labors of thirty-five years as pastor of this city of Concord. At every turn you here behold evidences of his zeal for God's honor and glory. This beautiful, well-appointed temple of God will always speak of Father Barry as its founder and builder. Yonder convent, the home of those who have consecrated their lives to the service of the sick, the poor, and the ignorant, will tell that no form of human want escaped his zeal and sympathy. The convenient pastoral residence, the "God's Acre" in which, with those dear to him, he will await the summons to the resurrection, tell us that no



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requisite of the complete parochial establishment is wanting.

But there is in your midst another monument of his zeal, one that will go on increasing in its proportions, one on whose pedestal no other name than that of Father Barry can be inscribed, and that is the parish school. Being aware, as he was, that if men would serve God they must first know him, and that if they would know him they must be taught, and that, as things stand in these days, they ordinarily can be taught only in the school room from which religion has not been excluded, he founded a system of parish schools in which, hand in hand with secular instruction, one finds instruction in the relative duties of the Creator and the creature. This among all his good works was the one which Father Barry loved and cherished most. There have gone before him those deeds of charity and benevolence of which the all-seeing God was witness. There have gone before him likewise the example and the results of his priestly life under the eyes of all his fellow-citizens of this city of Concord, a city in which he took an earnest pride and whose interests were always very dear to him. His going out and coming in among you was a matter of daily occurrence, and what the character thereof has been is evident from the words heard during these days on all sides and from all classes. Say they, "Father Barry was that man whom Concord could least spare from among its citizens." "I have known Father Barry here in Concord since I became old enough to know anybody, and, although I



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have rarely ever spoken to him, I have always regarded him with reverence, and have considered him a perfect type of a minister of God."

But, my beloved, all of these things would avail little or nothing unless the motive underlying them was what it should be, unless God was their primary object. Would you know their worth to Father Barry? In looking over some of his papers, I came across the resolutions taken at one of his ecclesiastical retreats. One reads, "To practice recollection before all my daily duties"; another reads, "To observe strictly the rules of charity in my speech." These tell us the value of these things he set before him as they are regarded in the balance of divine justice.

Fear not, thou priest of God, the sentence of death; remember the things that have gone before; fear not because of the things that are to come after. What these things are that will come after him, my beloved brethren, will depend on us who survive him. The night has come when he can work no more, and will we not be his friends in death as we have been in life? Blessed doctrine of the communion of saints, which teaches how this friendship can be perpetuated! In death, man does not cease to exist, he simply passes from one branch of the great Christian family to another. "We being many are one body in Christ Jesus and each one members of one another." Blessed communion of saints, then, which tells us that we can follow our dear ones beyond the grave and continue to give them practical evidence of our friendship! Nothing defiled—however trivial the defilement—can

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enter the heavenly Jerusalem, and because of human frailty we may fear that at death there may remain some little stains which are to be cleansed "yet so as by fire." And because "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be cleansed from their sins," we follow our dead with our sacrifices, prayers, and good works.

Says St. Monica, addressing her priestly son, St. Augustine, sixteen hundred years ago: "My son, place my body where you will, but follow me with the holy Mass and with your prayers." Who among us will follow our departed friends with our suffrages? All of us. His brethren of the clergy when they approach the altar of God will be ever mindful of him whose heart always expanded in charity for them. Those consecrated virgins who always found in him a father and protector will add to their daily prayers a fervent one for mercy for him. The little children of the school among whom he loved to find himself day after day will pour out their hearts in supplication for him. The sick, the heavily burdened, the perplexed, and all who were wont to ask his ministrations, will help with their suffrages him to whom they can no longer turn. All of you, my beloved brethren, when you come within these walls and find, at the altar at which Father Barry so long stood, another occupying his place, will always utter for your loved first pastor—"Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon him." And another, if I may be permitted to enter the sanctuary of grief, will follow him, and always with prayers

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and good works, one whose sisterly heart has been rent in twain within three short weeks by the death of an affectionate sister and a fond, protecting brother,—his heart-broken and only surviving sister, to whom, in her sorrow, and with her to his other sorrowing relatives, our hearts go out in sincerest sympathy in this their day of tribulation.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### PASTORAL LETTERS—"A SCORE OF CLERICAL DON'TS."

The good shepherd of the New Hampshire flock cared not only for the spiritual welfare of souls but for their temporal concerns as well. No detail of their home life was too trifling for his consideration, no business too small to merit his advice. In his reception-room, at all hours of the day and evening, some one might be found consulting him about a domestic difficulty, a financial problem, or a business move, and those who trusted his judgment were never deceived. At times of strikes or business depression or threatened clash between labor and capital, he was quick to admonish his people, to plead for patience and peace, and once at least his timely words probably averted a run on the banks that might have wrought ruin to the business interests of the city.

It was his custom to give to his people, at the beginning of each new year, his account of parish finances for the twelve months preceding, and to follow this with a paternal talk on matters of temporal concern to all, yet treated in so familiar and personal a style that each auditor felt himself especially admonished. These talks were among the most helpful of the year, and eagerly looked forward to.

No subject was more often brought up on these occasions than that of thrift—the saving of money, the acquiring of a home. Repeatedly the young unmar-



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ried people were urged to "provide for a rainy day"; the married people to plan for a home, that they might live under their own roof, however humble that might be.

Home meant to the bishop a sacred place, a shrine whence should arise the incense of conjugal and filial love, the prayer of hearts consecrated to the service of one another and of God. How earnestly, how lovingly, in these little talks, he dwelt upon the duties of parents and children! Charity, enduring patience, mutual forbearance, devotion to a common interest, holy celebrations and reunions at times of special grace like Christmas and Easter—of these and other like practices he spoke with a power to move hearts.

Over and over again he urged parents to see that their boys and girls were in their homes at seasonable hours, to forbid their attendance at clubs and places of amusements that keep open until far into the night, to remember that the overlooking of these matters means ruin to the children, disgrace to the parents.

He desired his people to be more numerously represented in the various branches of business and in the professions, not to be always "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Speaking of this on one occasion, he added three rules which, if followed, he was satisfied would secure success in any walk of life:

1. Take God along with you. He is the Giver of all. The man who neglects his duty to religion and therefore to God, may succeed for a time, but his success will be short-lived, or even if it does continue

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during his own life, observation shows that the fruits of it do not remain with his children.

2. Attend to business. The man who fails to give his business his personal attention does not succeed and does not deserve to.

3. Let liquor alone. Men need the brains that God has given them to work out success in their calling, but when these brains are stupefied with liquor, the wished-for results can not be attained.

That he should wish this solicitude to pursue its object even after death, followed naturally. So he often admonished his people to have regard for the homes of their dead, to beautify them according to their means, and at least to care for them respectably. More than once he pictured, with indignant tone and gesture, the costly funeral: carriages and flowers almost without end, unwonted display of noisy grief, and then—utter forgetfulness, if one might judge by the neglected grave, the omitted prayer. Such things tried his soul. “Better,” he would say, “no flowers and more Masses, fewer carriages and a remembered grave!” “We should follow our dead with our prayers: the daily ‘Our Father’ and ‘Hail Mary,’ the offering of our rosary, of the Mass we hear, of the Holy Communion we receive,—these are the active means of showing our love for those who have gone before. Simply to have Masses said for them is, so far as we are concerned, an indolent way of helping them. They are still living. They send, as it were, from their far country, letters petitioning us for aid.

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I wonder how often we give them even the courtesy of a reply!"

In his pastoral letters, read in the various parishes of the diocese at the beginning of the holy season of Lent each year, he manifested the same spirit of paternalism. Four of these are here appended, to give, in his own words, his oft-inculcated principles on matrimony, domestic life, duties of parents, temperance.

### PASTORAL LETTER ON THE SACRAMENT OF MATRIMONY.

In view of the lax notions found to be creeping in among some of the faithful, regarding the sacrament of marriage, it will not be amiss, at the beginning of the Holy Season, to direct their attention to a few practical reflections on this holy state. Let them be reminded that God is the author of marriage. He himself vouchsafed to bless the marriage of our first parents; for, having presented them to each other, "He blessed them, saying, increase and multiply, and fill the earth." And Adam, our first parent, on receiving his companion from the hand of God, said—"This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, wherefore a man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh." From the beginning, then, marriage has been a religious ceremony and has been indissoluble. Jesus Christ, the Son of God made man, by assisting at the marriage feast of Cana, would show His approval and sanction of the marriage state. Later on, we find Him abolishing, by His divine power, the

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abuses which, during four thousand years, had crept in among men, regarding this holy state, and restoring it to its original condition. He moreover raised the hitherto natural contract of marriage to the privilege and dignity of a sacrament. "From the beginning," says the Lord, "it was not so. He who made man from the beginning made them male and female. For this cause, shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife and they two shall be in one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Jesus Christ, therefore, emphasizes anew the sanctity and indissolubility of holy marriage.

Let the faithful furthermore be reminded that as Christ was present at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee, so should he be found present at the marriage feasts of the young people of our day and time. He should be found present at the *beginning* of these feasts, by being besought by the young people, in earnest prayer, to guide them in the choice they are about to make. If He is so much concerned about them as even to take cognizance of every hair that falls from their heads, how much more is He concerned when there is question of the assuming by them of duties upon the proper discharge of which depends their happiness for time and eternity; hence the necessity of turning to Him for guidance and help. "Houses and riches," says the sacred writer, "are given by parents, but a prudent wife is properly from God."

The Lord should be found present, *during* the mar-

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riage feast, by the act of the contracting parties in entering upon this holy state, without the necessity of application for ecclesiastical dispensation of any kind, and after having worthily and devoutly received the sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist.

The Lord should be found present with the married couple *after* the marriage feast, by the conformity of their conduct to his admonitions on this head. "A man," says the Lord, "shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife." The newly married pair should therefore bear in mind that they have now become a distinct part of the great commonwealth of Christian families, distinct and separate from all other families, distinct and separate even from the families of their fathers and mothers. This new condition in life brings with it its burdens, cares, and responsibilities, as well as its graces and privileges. And the burdens and difficulties incidental to the circumstances of this new life are to be borne with and remedied after a Christian fashion, within the boundaries of the sanctuary of the individual family, for the husband and the wife "are now not two but one flesh." Many domestic disturbances and difficulties may be traced to unwise and uncalled-for manifesting, to parents and so-called friends, of matters sacred to the family roof and hearth.

In passing, it might be added, that not infrequently the interference on the part of parents in the affairs of the children who have passed from under the parental roof to assume the legitimate cares and duties of holy marriage, has led, as far as in these parents



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lies, to that which the Lord so emphatically forbids when He says, "what therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

God gives to worthy recipients of the sacrament of marriage the special graces necessary to enable them to sanctify themselves and therefore to live happily in this holy state, and if happiness is not found therein, it is, ordinarily, because the married people have not corresponded with the graces received.

Let husbands and wives frequently meditate on the words of the Apostle, and their union will be like unto that union existing between Christ and His Church; for says the Apostle, "Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter towards them; women, be subject to your husbands as it behooveth in the Lord."

### PASTORAL LETTER ON DOMESTIC LIFE.

Among the good, and, we may be permitted to say, penitential works, which can be recommended to the faithful during the holy season of Lent, is the striving to revive or cultivate a true Catholic domestic life. It is unnecessary to say that this Catholic domestic life consists in the reciprocal discharge of parental and filial duties in accordance with the dictates of God's law, as made manifest to us by his mouth piece, the Church. We believe we are justified in saying that the absence of true Catholic domestic life is, in most cases, traceable to the neglect of his duty on the part of the father of the family, and this neglect on the part of the father of the family is, in



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turn, traceable to the fact that he does not "think in his heart" that "the inheritance of the Lord are children." In what way does the father ordinarily give evidence of his want of true conception of what constitutes Catholic domestic life? He does so by his frequent and prolonged absence from the family hearth. He is more a stranger to those of his own household than he is to those who have little or no claim upon his time and his good offices. The club, the society, and the place of amusement demand his attention night after night, and to so late and unseasonable an hour that his children meet him only at the time when he returns to take his mid-day meal. He is never present to join in the family prayer, never on hand to contribute to or take part in the innocent amusements of his children; he gives himself no opportunity for cultivating that love for his children which Almighty God has planted in his heart, nor does he give his offspring the occasion of cultivating that love for the parent which the Creator has planted in their hearts. He has no means of knowing whether the children given him by God Almighty are growing in virtue or in vice. Well may one apply to a parent of this kind the words of the Apostle, "But if any man have not care of his own, and especially of those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

The holy season of Lent upon which we are now entering, is a time of self-examination and prayer, and let the heads of families stop and ask themselves whether or not they are doing their full duty in the

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matter of cultivating or creating in their households a true Catholic domestic life, and as a help to this end let them remember with St. Chrysostom that "children are a great deposit, and let us attend to them with care."

### PASTORAL LETTER ON THE DUTIES OF PARENTS.

We avail ourselves of the occasion, to say a word to the faithful of the diocese regarding the relative duties of the parent and the child.

We have learned from our catechism that the duties of the parent to the child are embraced under the two general heads of *love* and *education*, while the duties of the child to the parent are classed under the four heads of *love*, *respect*, *obedience*, and *assistance* in their spiritual and temporal necessities.

At present it will be convenient to say a word of only one of the duties of each class. The duty of the parent to which we would direct attention, is that which comes under the title—*Education*. We say nothing of the absolute obligation on the part of the parent of giving to his offspring the advantages of a Christian training, but would refer rather to education by example. "He that teacheth his son . . . when he died was not sorrowful, neither was he confounded." On the other hand, the Apostle says—"But if any man have not care of his own, and especially of those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." Instruction, admonition, and correction will be of little avail if not supported by good example. We may not look for

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the virtue of temperance in the child who, from his earliest years, has had before his eyes the living evil example of a drunken parent. How can we look for a strict observance of the Lord's day on the part of the offspring when the father not only does not observe it in the manner prescribed, but makes of it a day of labor or of sinful excesses? No one will look for love and respect for things sacred, in the household in which the parents are given to the irreverent use of God's sacred name, or in which they allow themselves, in the presence of their children, to criticize the teachings, discipline, and ministers of religion. Children will find elsewhere, alas, too readily abundant opportunities of drinking in the poison of irreligion. They should be spared the misery of partaking of it at a source whence they should draw nothing but the pure waters of reverent, living faith. An early father of the church says, "Let parents remember that they have a great treasure in children, and let them attend to them with care," and this care is exercised largely by good example. "When thou shalt do that which is pleasing in the sight of God," it will "be well with thee and thy children after thee." On the other hand, if, as our Lord says, "it would be better that one should have a millstone tied round his neck and be cast into the depths of the sea than to scandalize one of the little ones," what must be the end of parents who by their bad example scandalize their own children!

Passing to the duty of the child to the parent, we would direct attention in a special manner to that which comes under the head of *assisting* the parent

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in his temporal necessities. Where this care for the parent in things temporal is found to exist, there also, we may safely say, will be found the presence of all other filial virtues. It is much to be deplored that, in these days, so many children are found who, when they become capable of earning the wherewith to maintain themselves, emancipate themselves from parental control and parental obligation, and begin to deal with their parents as if these were the veriest strangers. It matters not that the father grows feeble with increasing years; it matters not that because he fulfilled the obligation of providing for his children when they were unable to provide for themselves, he finds himself unprovided now not only with the comforts but even with the necessities which become his advanced years and failing health,—it matters not of these things, he must still bear the burden, still carry on the struggle for the support of the household: and this because of the ungrateful child “who forsaketh his father . . . and angereth his mother.” This offspring, grown to manhood and capable of earning a livelihood, protests that he will contribute to the maintenance of the home just as much and no more than the stranger who finds a shelter under the roof and, if this be not agreeable, he does not hesitate to declare that he will seek a home elsewhere. If of necessity or because of the love he bears his child, the parent accepts the alternative and allows him to remain, it will be found that this ungrateful child will soon discover a pretext for escaping even this obligation, and the father will soon be forced

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to hold the spoon to his mouth as he did in the days of the feebleness of infancy. St. Ambrose reads a striking lesson to the child, on his obligation of providing for his parent in his temporal needs. He says—"Honor thy father and thy mother, and when they want provide for them that have provided for you. Assist thy father and feed thy mother, and when thou hast done this thou hast not satisfied for half that she has done for thee. Feed thy mother, and when thou hast done this thou hast made no return for the sorrow and pains she has endured for thee. Consider the nights she has watched and the hours she has wept when thou wert ill, and canst thou see her want?" How charmingly the sacred writer tells the duty and reward of filial devotion—"Son, support the old age of thy father, and grieve him not in his life: and if his understanding fail, have patience with him, and despise him not when thou art in strength—and in justice thou shalt be built up, and in the day of affliction thou shalt be remembered: and thy sins shall melt away, as the ice in the fair warm weather."

We are now about to enter upon a period of prayer and penance, and it behooves us, parents and children, to examine in the light of God's justice how we have discharged our respective duties, especially in the matter of parental education by *example* and of *filial assistance* in the time of need. If on examination we find that we have failed in our duty, God in his mercy is ready to forgive if we will repent and amend, for—"the Lord your God is merciful, and will not turn away his face from you if you return to him."



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### PASTORAL LETTER ON TEMPERANCE.

We are satisfied that it is unnecessary to ask you to remind the faithful under your charge that the holy season of Lent, the diocesan regulations for which are herewith transmitted, is a time of prayer, fasting, and abstinence. It is true, indeed, circumstances have led to many modifications of the earlier ecclesiastical laws governing the observance of Lent, but the spirit of the Church, in this matter, remains unchanged, and hence she desires that the holy season shall continue to be, as far as possible, for all her children, a time of fasting, abstinence, and self-denial. Now we are sure you can readily convince your people that, even while availing themselves of the exemptions permitted by the Holy See, there remains to many of them at least one way of conforming to the spirit of the Church, and exercising themselves in a most salutary kind of abstinence; and that one way, is the refraining from the use of intoxicating liquors. You will have two classes of persons to deal with in this matter: first the drunkards, and secondly those who, as it is said, use liquor with moderation. The former will understand that the salvation of their own immortal souls and the eternal salvation and earthly happiness of their families and offspring, require that they should abandon a habit which deprives man of his highest natural good—his reason, which deprivation, as St. Augustine says, makes of man “sin itself.” The latter, that is, those who use drink, as it is said, with moderation, will do well to keep in mind that “God hath given



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to every one a commandment concerning his neighbor''; and this commandment may be satisfied, in this particular, by putting in practice the teaching of the Apostle, who says, "It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother is offended or scandalized or made weak." Aside from the weighty supernatural motive of charity towards one's neighbor, there is the additional incentive of the temporal advantage coming to the total abstainer himself. A large body of competent practising physicians has not hesitated to declare that "Total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, prosperity, morality, and happiness of the human race." "He that is temperate," says the sacred writer, "shall prolong life."

I am sure, reverend and dear Father, you will agree that no priest who has exercised the sacred ministry for any length of time, will hesitate to bear witness to the unfortunately too-evident truth of the following words of the late lamented Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. He says: "For thirty years I have been priest and bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year! I have learned some lessons, and the first thing is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know no antagonist to that Holy Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous than intoxicating drink. I know of no cause that affects man, and woman, and child, and

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home with such universality of steady power as intoxicating drink."

We earnestly request then that wherever it is feasible branches of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union be established, or some other equally effective means be adopted for checking and eradicating the great evil of intemperance, an evil bringing to its victims ruin of soul and body.

So far as is known, Bishop Bradley made but one appearance as an author. This was in 1899, when, under the name of "Senex," he sent to the *American Ecclesiastical Review* "A Score of Clerical Don'ts." The title was taking, the "Don'ts" were practical and pointed, and attracted a good deal of attention. They were even criticized—and very freely—at dinner one day by the priests of the bishop's household, much to his quiet amusement. Until after his death, only one person was aware that he was responsible for them. That friend one day questioned him as to why he had not signed his name to the paper. He replied that to do so might have caused embarrassment to some of his own priests if they felt that he had had them in mind when he wrote. They were read this year at the retreat for the priests of the diocese, and, now that their authorship is known, were listened to with double reverence.

### A SCORE OF CLERICAL DON'TS.

1. Don't forget as soon as you enter upon the exercise of the ministry, that you become a priest for the

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people. You are an *alter Christus*. "Have compassion on the multitude." "The harvest is ripe."

2. Don't give up meditation, spiritual reading, the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, the reading of Holy Scripture, and study, simply because you are no longer under the master's eye. Weekly confession is as necessary now as when you were in the seminary. Piety and knowledge are essential for the good priest. The newspapers do not abound in either.

3. Don't go to the altar for Holy Mass without due preparation. It is very unbecoming, not to say sinful, to come to the presence of Jesus Christ, and into intimate converse with Him, without having said one's morning prayers, or with unwashed hands; and this will be the case if one allows only ten or fifteen minutes to elapse between the bed and the altar. Remember what the Holy Mass really is and with whom you have to treat during it, and you will never come to the altar without preparation.

4. Don't fail to make your thanksgiving after Mass. Business matters may be attended to after you shall have spent some little time in entertaining your Divine Guest. He deserves some notice from you. Gossiping in the sacristy is at all times reprehensible, but especially so after Mass. Those young people who want to compliment you on your heavenly sermon of last Sunday would do better to apply its lessons in shaping their lives.

5. Don't leave the tabernacle key on the altar after your Mass. There is a place for it in the sacristy; put it there. It should never be hidden under vest-

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ments, or thrown carelessly on the vestment-press. Put the chalice away with care. It has just been the receptacle of the Body and Blood of Christ. In every well-ordered sacristy everything has its place. It will not be in order to leave the chalice on the vestment-press and uncovered. The vestments which you have just used need not be found partly on the floor, partly on the press, and partly everywhere. All parishes have not sacristans, and you might spare the pastor the care of putting in order what you have left in disorder. Should the server have gone off without extinguishing the candles, do not hesitate to do what he has neglected, simply because it is no affair of yours. The labor is not very great, and your act may avert serious damage to property.

6. Don't talk to the altar-boys in the sacristy in a loud voice, nor at all without necessity. People are not edified when they hear the celebrant of the holy Mass cracking his fingers or rapping on the altar-table in order to attract the attention of the server. It tends to distract the celebrant and does not edify those present to hear him calling to the altar-boy to go for the tabernacle key, to bring the box containing the altar-breads, or to look for the gospel-book. It is well to see that these things are attended to before you leave the sacristy.

7. Don't look about you or out into the church or up at the choir while the *Gloria* and *Credo* are being sung. It would be unbecoming to find the celebrant cross his legs or stretch them carelessly while sitting at his place in the sanctuary during the singing of the

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*Gloria* or *Credo* or Vesper-psalms. Always begin the Mass at the moment designated.

8. Don't forget that the prayers ordered by the Holy Father to be said after Mass should be said distinctly and devoutly. The people would not be edified if they could not hear you when you recited these prayers, or, if hearing, could not understand. A hasty and indifferent way of reciting these and other prayers is always to be deplored. A remembrance of the presence of the God to whom you are addressing yourself is a good remedy for faults under this head.

9. Don't slam the sacristy, church, or house door. The effect on the hearer is not pleasant, and the possible reflection on the manners of the doer is not enviable. If you have occasion to go through the sanctuary into the body of the church, it will add to the mysterious sanctity of the sanctuary if you will close the gates after you.

10. Don't fail to come to the preaching of the word of God with all the care and preparation which belong to that most important work of the sacred ministry. A want of preparation on your part will be readily noticed, and probably commented upon, by your hearers. They may conclude that you either do not know what you are talking about, or do not hold in due esteem your office of preaching the Gospel to every creature. It is a mistake to say that almost anything will do in the way of a sermon, provided one fills out the allotted time. People who are fed Sunday after Sunday on "almost anything" in the way of instruction will soon be "almost anything" in the way of be-



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lief and morals. The sermon which you may take from a sermon-book will always have the appearance of a recited lesson. All can prepare something in the way of a Sunday instruction, provided they have the good-will and do not neglect to ask God to help them in this great and important work. It is a mistake to have in view in your preaching only the rich men and women of your parish. Wealth is not always the guarantee of the presence of intelligence and virtue. What is intelligible to the poor and ignorant ought not to be unintelligible to the rich and cultured.

11. Don't read the gospel in such a manner as to leave upon the hearer the impression that you are just simply going through a process of tuning up your voice before getting at the great piece—the sermon. The gospel is God's word, and should be read intelligently, intelligibly, and in a dignified manner. The gospel always gives food for thought; perhaps the sermon is sometimes wanting in this particular. It edifies the people to see and hear the preacher make the sign of the cross slowly, reverently, and devoutly, before and after the sermon. In making the usual announcements before or after the sermon, do not make them in such a manner as to imply that you do not care whether the people hear or understand you. Do not be impressed with the idea that because the announcements relate to parish affairs, you may, therefore, be indifferent to them. You might not be pleased if the pastor should insist on making all announcements at all the Masses.

12. Don't forget that promptness in the confes-



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sional is of prime importance. Be on hand at the hour designated, and remain during the hours set apart for confessions. Do not leave the church because there are no penitents to be heard. People are free to come at any hour during the time set apart for confessions. It has been so announced; your duty is to be there. Should penitents come and not find you, they will hesitate about coming on future occasions, for—"perhaps the Father won't be there!" Penitents are never drawn to the confessional of the confessor who deals harshly or hastily with them. Sunday after Sunday, in season and out of season, you exhort the poor, sin-burdened people to come to the sacred tribunal, and when they come you scold and abuse them. Why? Is it because they have presented themselves? Have sense. It is childish to be angry because some of your good weekly penitents seek another confessor from time to time. The change may be good for them. Perhaps you yourself do not hesitate to change confessors now and then.

13. Don't defer going on a sick-call for hours after receiving the notice. In this, as in all other cases, put yourself in the place of the person you are dealing with. The seriously sick are always in danger of death. The anxiety arising from expecting the priest every moment helps to aggravate the sick man's illness and to render him less disposed for the reception of the sacraments. It is not necessary to scold the people of the house because the sick man is not more seriously ill, or because he may live a few days longer. Should the patient live for any length of time it will

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be your duty to visit him frequently while the danger of death continues. As long as he lives he can sin and will therefore be a subject for absolution. What would you think of a confessor who, during your serious illness, would visit you only once every eight or ten days? What a pleasure there is in hearing good people say—"May God bless Father X! he does not forget the sick; his frequent visits bring consolation and blessing to the ill and the well."

14. Don't get into the way of beginning the funeral Mass at the precise moment, whether the body has reached the church or not. Have compassion on the poor afflicted relatives; they are parting for all time with a dear father or mother, a devoted relative or friend. Ordinarily, you will not be obliged to wait very long. Say your Office while waiting. Any want of sympathy or any positive want of regard for the feelings of the surviving relatives in cases of this kind will embitter them against you and the Church whose minister you are. Inconsiderate treatment at the hands of the priest on the occasion of marriages, baptisms, and funerals is seldom forgotten. Of course, the faithful departed are, according to the law, supposed to be buried with the holy Mass; but if, for any reason, it may be necessary to have a funeral in the afternoon, do try to make the short service as solemn and protracted as possible. You will not edify the people if you read hastily and perfunctorily the short ritual service, bow to the people, and then go off. Their belief in the value of prayers for the dead will not be strengthened. The recitation of five *Paters*

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and *Aves* for the repose of the soul of the departed will be a fitting and useful addition to the ritual service.

15. Don't scold people, *hic et nunc*, if they have failed to be on hand at the right moment agreed upon for baptisms, marriages, etc. After having said just so many sharp and unkind things, you will then turn to and perform the function in question. Sometimes an act of contrition would be in order before commencing. An admonition from the altar on Sunday would serve your purpose much more effectually than a volume of scolding.

16. Don't come to the house of the pastor, whose assistant you have been appointed by the right reverend bishop, as if you had received with your appointment special faculties to make changes everywhere. It is the pastor's business to arrange all domestic affairs. The domestics are chosen by him, are paid by him, and should receive their instructions from him. If you have any fault to find with their conduct, in your regard, refer the matter to the pastor. It would not be in accordance with priestly dignity to scold or dispute with the servants. It is not well to be of those who do not care how much extra work and how much annoyance they give to the domestics by their slovenly and negligent manners and habits. These domestics are the mothers and sisters of somebody. Treat them as you would have others treat yours. You frequently preach of the equality and brotherhood of all men in Christ; why, then, do you seek to treat those who live under the same roof with

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you as if they were slaves or of an inferior race? They have sensibilities as delicate as you have. Perhaps before your ordination you were not always attended by a retinue of servants.

The regulating of the affairs of the church and the management of parish matters belong to the pastor. Perhaps he has exercised the sacred ministry for many years, and perhaps during that time has been obliged to offer the Holy Sacrifice not once but frequently in the settlements of the miner or the camp of the lumberman, or in the humble home of some poor Catholic in the village, and consequently may not now have everything in strict accord with what the rubricist, the rigid disciplinarian, or the young man just from the books, may demand. There is no pastor, however, who does not wish to have everything about his church *secundum regulam et legem*; but he will be inclined to resent any unkind, ill-advised reflections on the part of a critical junior. Any reverend assistant can very easily have deficiencies remedied if he will but show due consideration to his pastor's age, experiences, and trials, and will give evidence by his prudent, abiding manner that in his desire to have things as they should be he is actuated by God's glory, the edification of the faithful, and the honor of the Church and the priesthood. The pastor will rejoice at the improvement in things and will bless the curate. A reverend assistant who, by his whole conduct, will show that he is desirous of being a real *assistant* in the work of saving souls, and that, therefore, he is concerned in the spiritual and temporal welfare of those among

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whom he is *hic et nunc*, will enjoy much peace, and will always command the esteem and affection of those with whom and for whom he is laboring.

17. Don't be reserved or wanting in cordiality toward your pastor. He may be old and infirm, and preoccupied with many cares, and may not always be ready to reciprocate; but he will appreciate your goodness and thoughtfulness, and will be grateful for them. It is not conducive to good health to spend the meal-time in solemn silence and in a statuesque sort of position. There ought to be no dearth of subjects for conversation which are of interest to priests and men of learning. Uncharitable or unkind remarks about others are, of course, out of place among those who so often preach—"Judge not, and you shall not be judged," and hence should never be heard at the table of priests. It is out of order to listen to or take part in remarks made by clergymen or others, which would in any way reflect on your pastor. You are part and parcel, for the time being, of the pastor of the parish in which you are. You will be a pastor some time. Think of how you would like to be dealt with and spoken of in your absence.

18. Don't forget that St. Paul says, "When I was a child I spoke as a child, . . . but when I became a man, I put away the things of a child"; hence, priest as you are, it will not edify to hear you discussing the base-ball game or foot-ball game with lay people, nor is it proper to make these games the subject of conversation with your fellow-priests. You may become so accustomed to the language peculiar to these



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pastimes that it may find its way into your sermons and instructions. That would be dreadful! Then your manner and speech in your general recreation-room or in your own room should not partake of the boisterousness which was tolerated in the billiard-hall or gymnasium of the college or seminary. You are a priest now and not a schoolboy. Moreover, there are others in the house who suffer in one way or another from your boisterous conduct, and a gentleman, as Cardinal Newman says, is one who has regard for the feelings of others. Then it must not be forgotten that a priest's house is one that is visited at all hours of the day by all kinds of people; and, hearing you talking at the top of your voice and making yourself generally nonsensical, they may ask whether they have strayed into a Bedlam.

19. Perhaps you are a pastor. Don't try to convince yourself that a reverend assistant is an appendage to your church and household with which you would gladly dispense. The right reverend bishop appointed your assistant to his position. It was the bishop who appointed you to your parish. Your assistant was appointed in order that the faithful of the parish may have abundant facilities for the practice of religious duties. You are pastor in your parish for the same reason. He is a duly ordained priest of God; he is a gentleman by education; you are no more. He is your equal in everything except in the accident of position. You are the pastor and he is your assistant; he will therefore not be at all pleased to receive directions or orders from you through the servants or



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altar-boys or sexton. He is a priest as you are; he will hardly be satisfied to be treated with disrespect and indignity by you in the presence of the domestics in the house, or before the people in the church. He is a gentleman as you are; of course, he must not expect to live in luxury, and may be satisfied with the minimum of comfort, but he will be somewhat dissatisfied if a very great contrast is found to exist between his surroundings and those of the pastor. You certainly will not forget that you were at one time young and inexperienced, and will not, therefore, condemn your assistant as incorrigible, obstinate, or hopelessly gone, if you discover in him faults resulting from youth and inexperience. Most people, who were not always old, should make an effort to be patient, charitable, and encouraging, and helpful, always holding out the helping hand, always holding the torch by which the path is lighted over which the steps of inexperience may pass; thus aiding in the formation of a saintly minister of the altar. The more agreeable you make his surroundings, the more confidence you place in him, the more you make him feel that the work of laboring for the salvation of the souls of that parish is as much his work as it is yours, the more interested and helpful will be your curate. "Dearly beloved, let us love one another."

There are some malicious people who say that the most exacting and overbearing pastors were usually the most fault-finding, critical, and non-forbearing assistants. Perhaps, even now, pastors and all that they are, they do not hesitate to criticise the administration

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of the diocese, and even of the whole Church; and do not hesitate to say that if the management of things were in their hands, a better condition of affairs would be found to prevail. Examine yourself.

20. Don't call your brother priest by his Christian name or by his surname in speaking to him or of him. The title *Father* is full of meaning and respect. If you are not careful on this head, you may so far forget yourself as, even in public, to use the Christian name or surname of your bishop in speaking of him. You would never forgive yourself for that, yet no one can foresee the effect of habit. *Bishop*, or *the Bishop of* ——— is a very proper way of speaking to or of a bishop. Of course you would never think of speaking of the Vicar of Christ in any other form than as—*the Holy Father*, *His Holiness*, or, *our Holy Father*, *the Pope*. You require politeness and respect in manner and speech from your people; don't fail to deal with your superiors and equals as you would be dealt by.

21. Don't forget that you are simply the custodian and dispenser, for church purposes, of the moneys belonging to your parish. Manage, care for, and expend these church funds as one who will be called upon to return to the just Judge an account of your stewardship. You would oblige an employee, through whose culpable neglect his employer had sustained a loss, to make reparation. If the church suffers in her temporalities, through your culpable want of care or mismanagement, one would think you should be held to make reparation. It is very wrong to leave money in collection boxes or on the vestment-press, or in other

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exposed places in the sacristy. The temptation to pilfer is thus brought home to altar-boys. It is not proper, in fact it is culpable, to expose children to temptations of this kind. Moreover, you fail to show yourself a faithful custodian of what is committed to your care. What is true of money left in this careless way in the sacristy is likewise true of money left carelessly on your desk or table in your room. You have no right to expose to temptation the domestics who are obliged to care for your apartments. The church money is not your money; see to it that in life and at death you will have been found a faithful dispenser of the same. If you will obey to the letter what the diocesan statutes demand in this particular, you will not err.





## CHAPTER IX.

### INTERIOR LIFE.

In reading the life of Bishop Bradley and noting its record of church and school and convent building, of sermons and retreats and discourses, of hours in the reception room and confessional, the wonder is that any day was long enough for him to perform his active duties and still have time to advance along that steep road of spiritual perfection which he had so early begun to climb. Yet in his steady ascent of that very road lies the secret of his marvelous achievements in these other directions. Few men have so combined a life of worldly activity with the life of a cloistered religious.

Bishop Bradley was essentially a man of prayer. His daily meditation and Mass were never omitted. During the last months of his life, a near relative often begged him to omit the morning Mass which, said at the early hour of seven, compelled him to rise at six. "Try it for two weeks," she one day begged, "stay in bed until eight or nine o'clock and see what the effect will be."

"Now listen to me, dear, once for all," he replied. "The confessional, the visitation of the sick and, above all, the Mass, are a priest's comforts. Moreover, when I was ordained I offered to Almighty God every thought, word, act—yes, every breath of my life. I did not offer myself for a life of luxury or anything



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of the kind. I promised to work for God, and while I live, be it long or short, my life shall be spent for God. The Mass is my only comfort. Don't ask me to give it up! Don't try to take it from me!"

He never undertook any work, however trifling, without first asking God's blessing upon it. His life was modelled on that of his Divine Master. Like Him, when his daily work for the Father was done, he "retired into the desert to pray"—into the desert of the chapel where he and his God were alone together. Here, after his household had been long asleep, he might still be often found, pouring forth his praise, his love, his own needs and his people's needs, into the ear of the silent Listener in the tabernacle.

During his last sickness he received Holy Communion every day, the last time only a few hours before his soul passed away. We might cite many instances of his love and reverence for our Eucharistic Saviour, but it would lead too far. We will, however, give one such, to show his anxiety to avoid even the least disrespect to the Blessed Sacrament. Once, while giving the children their first Holy Communion in a country parish, a little girl was so frightened as to be unable to swallow the Sacred Particle placed upon her tongue. The bishop waited patiently a few minutes, spoke kindly to her, and urged her to try to swallow. It was of no use. The little one was as if paralyzed, and the Sacred Host remained, saturated with saliva, in her mouth. Seeing the plight of the child, and fearing any irreverence would occur, the bishop took the Host

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from the child's mouth, put it into his own, swallowed it, and passed on.

Besides this love for the Blessed Sacrament, he cherished a special devotion for the Virgin Mother of God and for her rosary, for the Sacred Heart, and for that great bishop whom he in many ways resembled, the gentle Francis of Sales. He frequently deplored the fact that devotion to our Lady seemed to be less general than formerly, and thought the decline might be due to the introduction of new and unauthorized forms of devotion, such as those of St. Expeditus and the Infant of Prague. While not fully approving of these, he tolerated them when introduced by others, lest he should "place any obstacle in the way of God's work."

Love for the Church of God was a natural accompaniment of his love for its Divine Founder. His sermons on the Church were masterpieces. He was her champion and defender, he gloried in her growth, her unity, her unchangeableness. To the Vicar of Christ, the visible head of the Church on earth, and to his decrees, he was loyal to the minutest particular. "It is a glorious thing," he would say, "to be the slave of Jesus Christ. We can obey as did St. Peter, though we may not see why, and our obedience, like his, will be blessed with a fulness of that light and grace which we need." "If there is an easy path to heaven," he says again, "it is the path of obedience; if there is a picture of heaven, it is the place, it is the soul, where obedience to lawful authority is observed." His love for the Church made him fearful of the dangers of

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“liberalism” in matters of faith and discipline, where he would admit of no compromise.

This perfect faith, this complete submission to God’s will, established in his heart a holy peace, which nothing ever disturbed. In moments of disappointment, as in times of success, he was calm, hopeful, patient ever. “When we have done as perfectly as we could,” he reasoned, “God will supply the deficiencies. Let us be cheerful.” Yet, with all his grace and his saintliness, he moved as a man among men. He was entirely free from any affectation or singularity. He could not abide a piety that continually asserted itself or made its possessor a cause of inconvenience or distaste to others. Holiness, he believed, should be attractive of itself: cheerful, well-balanced, more ready to conform to the will of others than to its own; above all, practiced for God alone. Of this hidden holiness his simple life was a shining example, yet his whole bearing was so expressive of inward peace and grace that in any company his was a marked personality.

As he was Christ-like in his love for God, so he was Christ-like in his love for mankind, and every human attribute was but a reflection of the charity that filled his heart. His was a love that embraced all—rich and poor, young and old, saint and sinner, believer and unbeliever, though he was, first and last, the priest of the poor and the sinner. The poor, it might indeed be said, were always with him. He gave lavishly in charity without being asked, and was ever ready to do the humblest act for those in need. Sinners found in him a refuge. To him they could tell without fear the

## *Interior Life*

story of their wrongs. Though he made them feel his condemnation of the sin, no harsh or hasty word of his ever pierced their poor, guilt-burdened souls. "Perfection," he said, "is the work of a life-time. We should make known our disapproval of what is wrong by a certain sternness of manner, but we must temper this with the meekness and humility that our Lord told us to learn of Him."

His zeal for souls was almost unbounded. "I believe," says one who knew him well, "that Bishop Bradley never lost sight of a soul once committed to his care." In spiritual direction, he did not make faults seem more grievous than they really were. "Is it a sin?" a delinquent once questioned. "No," he replied, "but it is not proper in you." Again, he remarked of a certain act, "It was more mean than sinful." When consulted about the renewal of a resolution, made without his approval and kept for a year with no good result, he replied: "I think your resolution of last year will not bear renewal. It was founded on self-love, and continued under protest. Have sense and be good." His confidence in human nature was remarkable, the more so when we consider his opportunities for knowing its weaknesses, and for suffering disappointments in those he had reason to trust.

Finally, like his Master, he was a man of labor, as his works bear testimony. His days were full. In season and out of season he worked, dedicating every faculty to the service of his neighbor and his God. Whatever duty came to hand, that he did with all the perfection possible. Shortly before he died, when he

## *Bishop Bradley*

was already very weak, his housekeeper pleaded with him not to see anyone that day, to bid her send people away. "No," he replied, "you must not do that. The very soul you sent away might be the soul God wanted me to do something for." Like Saint Ignatius, he had a horror of idleness. "It is the laborers," we find in one of his instructions, "and the laborers only who are rewarded. We should, like St. Paul, in manly fashion be able to claim our reward: 'I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; as to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me in that day, and not only to me but to them also who love his coming.'"

If the spiritual characteristics of Bishop Bradley bore likeness to those of his Divine Model, so also, in hardly less degree, did his more purely human attributes—love for his own, regard for his friends. Did not our Lord Himself give to his own a love of surpassing tenderness? Did He not show appreciation of the affection lavished upon Him in the humble household at Bethany?

The bishop's love for his own was singularly deep and true, and his sorrow on parting with them was correspondingly keen. No man could be a better son. "I shall never forget," writes a friend in a distant city, "the look of mingled benediction, reverence, protection, and love, with which I saw him give his mother Holy Communion over twenty-five years ago. I can see it now!"

Mother and son were devoted to each other. She



## *Interior Life*

anticipated his every want, supplied his every need; and he in turn revered her as the being, to whom, under God, he owed all. No matter how busy he might be, if she entered the room he laid by his pen, greeted her with a cheery "Well, mother?" and sat ready to give her his undivided attention. His recreation hour after dinner he always spent with her, and he never left the house without first going to her room to tell her where he was going and when he would return. On his trips from home, however long or short the time, he wrote to her every day.

His devotion during the last year of her life, as he watched her grow weaker day by day, was most edifying. Each night he went twice to her room—just before midnight and again about three o'clock—to be sure that she was resting quietly; each morning before he went out to Mass he brought her a cup of chocolate that he himself had prepared. When finally she passed away, his grief was intense. The first paroxysm over, he left the room. A little later one of the attendants sought him to ask for necessary directions. As she went along the corridor toward his apartments, she heard his voice, and when she reached the chapel door she beheld him kneeling at the foot of the altar, praying aloud:

"Dear Lord, I thank you for making her the mother that she was. All that I am, all the good that I have done is due to her. And now I offer you all that I am, all that I have done, all that I may do,—all the merit that may be mine,—for her. Remember her sighs, her



## *Bishop Bradley*

tears, her sufferings for me, and take her, dear Lord, to thyself!"

It seemed to those who knew the bishop best that he never fully recovered from this shock. He felt ever afterwards as if he had no longer a home, as if his residence was now simply a place to live in. He spoke too of the loneliness he experienced every day at the time he had been accustomed to go to his mother's room. From force of habit he would involuntarily turn his steps that way, and then would come the real sense of loss. To the orphaned nieces of his brother Cornelius he was an indulgent father. He directed their education and had them with him during their vacation seasons.

It seems superfluous to say that he was a good friend. No man ever had more friends. Every one who knew him loved him. If, as has been said, that friendship only can be lasting which rests upon a spiritual foundation, then the bishop, by his spirituality, must have held his friends. And so he did—once his friend, always his friend, for he was invariably the same. One left him feeling soul-rested, nearer to God, stronger to do for Him. With all his reserve, he appreciated the slightest token of friendship, was grateful for the least act of kindness. He was never suspicious, never feared a loss of dignity; but, if he found himself mistaken in one whom he had admitted to his friendship, he did not hesitate to withdraw what constitutes the charm of friendship—free and intimate intercourse—while at the same time he was charitable and courteous. "Civil and strange," was his expres-

## *Interior Life*

sion for those cases, happily rare. His self-control was admirable; he could be impersonal even in what closely concerned himself. Sometimes when those who cared for him became effusive in manner or speech, he remained impassive, like a statue that inspires admiration but is unmoved by it. This was due, in some measure, perhaps, to that virtue without which the others can hardly be said to exist, true humility, "that highest virtue, mother of them all." He obeyed to the letter the admonition of Ecclesiastes, "the greater thou art, the more humble thyself in all things, and thou shalt find grace with God." Though grown-up friends, awed by his dignity of manner and position, might hesitate about addressing him familiarly, not so with his younger friends, the children. Anywhere, everywhere, they clustered about him, eager to kiss his ring, to caress his hand. Often on the street he was the center of a group of ragged, dirty, uncared-for little ones. Of these he once said, "I love those little waifs. Many of them do not know what it is to hear a kind or a happy word. They make me think of Christ when he said, 'Of such is the kingdom of God.' "

The bishop was a great admirer of beautiful scenery, enjoyed interesting people, talked well of books, even quoted poetry,—in fact, showed appreciation of all that was worthy in nature and in art. He himself declared that he had no sentiment, though he probably meant sentimentality. On one occasion, a newly-ordained priest on his way from the seminary at Montreal, arrived in Manchester on a Saturday night, too

## *Bishop Bradley*

late to make connections for his home. Sunday afternoon he called on the bishop. One of the first questions the latter asked was: "Where did you say Mass this morning?" The young man replied that he had only heard Mass, as he wanted to celebrate his first Mass at home for his family. "Do you tell me," exclaimed the bishop, "that you, having it in your power to say Mass—the greatest privilege a man can have—have neglected to do so for a piece of sentiment!" The priest was then and there taught a lesson that he was not likely soon to forget.

Though by nature serious, the bishop enjoyed a good story, was appreciative of humor, particularly of Irish humor, and was even known to pass a joke himself once in a while. Even his pleasantries, however, were likely to have a "pious point," as at one time when he was entertaining some callers, young women whom he knew well and with whom he was wont to chat freely. The conversation turned on sickness, then on dreaded diseases, and each in turn mentioned the illness she most wished to avoid. As the talk was becoming somewhat gruesome, the wit of the party remarked, "I have no fear of any disease, Bishop."

"And pray, my dear, why not?" he asked in astonishment.

"Well," she demurely replied, "my mother says that my smartness will kill me yet."

"Ah!" with an indulgent smile, "you have a long life before you, my child!"

The bishop's imperfections—for, after all, he was human—seemed to be the excesses of his virtues. Grave

## *Interior Life*

faults he had none, but he sometimes seemed to be too forbearing, too gentle, too prudent, too humble. When, however, this thought was expressed to him on particular occasions, he invariably gave good reasons for his course. His prudence and forbearance never arose from weakness or cowardice, but from conviction that he could by these means most surely bring about the end in view.

Not infrequently it happens that a reserved man more fully reveals his real self in his letters, but this was not so in the case of Bishop Bradley. He could, and sometimes did, write charmingly, but brevity was so marked a characteristic of his letters that a friend once described them as "a line and a dot." Yet he never spared himself to write at length when asked for advice or spiritual direction, or when appealed to in times of affliction. Such letters, however, the recipients regard as almost sacred, and dislike to give even a part to the public; moreover, the advice is often applicable only under peculiar conditions and circumstances. Because of this fact and of the other fact that few people in these days preserve their correspondence, it has been impossible to give any of the bishop's letters in full. Some of the following extracts are from the diary he kept on his second trip abroad. In choosing these, mere descriptive notes have been largely avoided, and preference given to those that show the reflections and comparisons made by the pious traveller, to whom "all Nature spoke of God."

## *Bishop Bradley*

MANCHESTER.

188—.

You will find, however, that with courage, patience, and singleness of purpose, you will, with God's help, soon acquire that evenness of mind by which one is occupied with what one has on hand at the time being. This is the outcome of interior recollection.

Try, above all, to live an interior life. Do not permit yourself to be absent from God even for an instant. Give your whole soul to your spiritual exercises.

Confidence in God and diffidence in self are well calculated to produce that strength which enables one to rise above every circumstance.

MANCHESTER.

188—.

I cannot, notwithstanding that I may try to force or to prompt to this or that degree of perfection, forget that men are inclined to evil rather than good, so, if they fail in their efforts, why I am prepared to hope that in His own good time God will bring about the effect I desire.

In June, 1903, after expressing thanks for a congratulatory letter on the anniversary of his ordination, he wrote: I wonder what it is to feel old. I can not say that I notice the advances of age any more to-day than I did thirty-two years ago, yet I am far from being vigorous.

To a friend in deep affliction he wrote:

I trust and believe God will bring much good out of



## *Interior Life*

these trials which seem, at present, so unaccountable. You just observe the future as it will be unveiled before you, and I am satisfied you will see the truth of what I say, and gratitude to God will take the place of the present apparent want of confidence. Now try and in your afflictions continue to make your prayer consist of a frequent and heartfelt "*Fiat voluntas tua.*"

DUBLIN.

July 28, 1887.

From Killarney we went to Castleisland, where I remained for Sunday, said Mass, and preached. I was most kindly received by the priests and religious. I found the house in which I was born,—roofless, because the person who had lately occupied it had been evicted. . . . We went thence to Dublin, where we remained two days. Through the mistaken kindness of Castleisland friends, we lost our trunks: in Europe one should never lose sight of his trunk.

Dublin is a fine city, rich in all things Catholic. We saw three notable institutions of Catholic days and faith, now unfortunately in the hands of heretics.

The first of these is St. Patrick's Cathedral, a wonderful structure in the purest Gothic style and, like all such, calculated to inspire sentiments of piety.

Christ Church, another beautiful edifice, is less pure in style and less devotional.

Trinity College, with its numerous buildings, its double courts, its libraries, is an honor to the faith and the country that gave it birth, but one is filled with sadness to find it in alien hands, to find another



## *Bishop Bradley*

creed preached within hearing of the tombs of the heroes of Catholic faith.

LONDON.

July 30, 1887.

We left Dublin for London, passing through Wales and much of England. The thriving cities and towns, and the well-cultivated, beautiful country, speak of a happy, well-cared-for people. We spent Sunday and Monday in London. Saw the pro-cathedral,—a good church. Saw the Oratory, and am pleased to say that it is a structure worthy of the Catholic nobles who have contributed to its erection. It is a noble edifice, rich in all things calculated to stir up the piety of the faithful. The residence is monastic in appearance. We visited the Tower. It is well-preserved, stored with ancient implements of war. One could kiss with reverence its uninviting floors and its damp walls, over which and within which so many Catholic heroes passed and lived.

St. Paul's is great in size, but not ecclesiastical. Westminster Abbey! Who of the faith can visit it without sentiments of admiration and profound sorrow! It is a glory of English faith, but what has England done that God has allowed her to lose so completely the precious inheritance of the true faith? Here lie buried saints and others who sought by every means to propagate the true religion. Now is heard here, day after day, the voice of those whose belief could not inspire a second Abbey, and who condemn much of what that religion taught whose professors constructed this monument.

## Interior Life

In London, and elsewhere in England, one is necessarily filled with feelings of indescribable regret: at every turn, monuments of every kind speak of the true faith; but the living monuments, redeemed by the Divine Founder, chant another song. Oh, that God would bring them back!

GRAND CHARTREUSE.

September 4, 1887.

We visited by carriage the famous monastery of Grand Chartreuse. The journey along and through the mountain region was grand in the extreme.

This monastery was founded by St. Bruno in the eleventh century, when, with six companions, he abandoned his position and its glories and triumphs as a professor of renown in Paris, and sought the seclusion of this spot, inhabited only by wild beasts. It is said that this step was hastened by the wonderful occurrence which took place in Notre Dame in Paris while the Office of the dead was being chanted over the remains of a recently deceased Doctor of the University. By the permission of God, on two occasions during the recitation, the dead man gave utterance to the words—*peccavi, judicatus, damnatus*.

St. Bruno here founded the Carthusian Order, whose just pride it is to be able to say—*Carthusia nunquam reformata quia nunquam deformata*. The entire mountain district has been made accessible by these monks, and all the towns in the vicinity also owe them their origin and their continued existence, because the peasantry find employment in the various works con-

## *Bishop Bradley*

trolled by the monks, especially in the manufacture of the famous *liqueur* Chartreuse.

Strange to say, at the time of the first French Revolution, all this property—monastery, lands, etc.—was confiscated by the government, and now these reclaimers of the wild mountain region, these benefactors of the people, are obliged to pay rent for every inch of land occupied by them.

The monastery is visited by strangers from all parts of the world. These may remain for two nights in or near the monastery, where they are fed and lodged, as there is, in the neighborhood, a *pension* for women, conducted by the Sisters of Providence, but managed and supported by the monks.

There are at present eighty Carthusians in this monastery: forty Fathers, or *Pères* as they called, and forty Brothers, or *Frères*. The *Pères* do no manual work, so-called: their time is devoted to prayer and study. Each one has a little house and garden of his own, but all making part of the monastery. This house consists of a corridor, in which hang the Stations of the Cross, and in which he takes his exercise; a little room for the custody and care of flowers during the winter; and a study room, where he has his library and his bed or stall. Underneath is a room filled with wood that he must saw and split for his fire. He has here, too, his work-bench and tools; and, outside, in his garden, he may cultivate flowers. The *Frères* do the work on the farm and in the shops.

No meat is eaten in the monastery, but all seem to thrive on what they have, for some of the *Frères* are

## *Interior Life*

very old. On Sundays they dine together, but in silence. At other times, the food is placed on a little slide and is thereby passed to the Père, who is summoned to come for it by a little bell. After dinner on Sundays, the Pères are permitted to converse together for an hour, and they meet on Thursdays also for a general promenade.

We were received with a great deal of cordiality, and were treated most hospitably. We assisted at the high Mass on Sunday. The rite observed here is very peculiar, being that in use in the time of St. Bruno. They have no new offices except for Corpus Christi, and the feasts of the Immaculate Conception and St. Francis of Sales. Instead of kneeling at the Consecration, they prostrate themselves on the floor; there is no blessing, no Last Gospel—it is entirely different from our rite.

I was much edified at the exact observance of rule, yet can not help think it would be better for these and like communities to forbid the visits of lay persons.

TURIN.

September 25, 1887.

Turin is a very delightful city, rich in beautiful churches, residences, public buildings, streets, arcades; above all, rich in good practical Catholics. On Sunday, I said Mass in what is known as the Holy Chapel, so called because over the altar is preserved a portion of the cloth in which was wrapped the body of our Blessed Lord when He was taken from the Cross.

I visited the palace of the Dukes and Kings of Savoy.

## *Bishop Bradley*

It is among the grandest in Europe. The portraits of members of the family, found in the various apartments, show that it is a family having had in it many persons whose names are found in the calendar of saints. Possibly its present members can lay no great claim to piety, yet indications in the palace do not so declare, for in the private apartments the spirit of religion prevails.

A Franciscan monastery, finely situated on an eminence, is in a state of decay, owing to the action of the government. It is hard to say what the Providence of God may be permitting in allowing all of this. These Orders, it is true, did much by prayer, and served as openings for persons having vocations to such life; but there was not the evidence of activity that these times seem to demand.

I saw on Monday the famous Dom Bosco, that living saint whose friends wished to have him confined in a lunatic asylum when he commenced his great work. This work is the education of young men for trades and for the priesthood. He has houses in France, Italy, and South America, where the boys learn trades of various kinds. We saw the printing establishment, complete in every particular. The boys remain in his houses five years. They have put away for them five per cent of what they earn on their work during this time, paying a trifle for their board if they can, but orphans and those unable to pay anything are received free. The result is, skilled Catholic artisans. About half of those who enter become priests. He has now nearly four thousand children, as he says, to



## *Interior Life*

care for. He is feeble, but not old. He promised to pray for me, for the diocese and its needs.

MILAN.

September 27, 1887.

In Milan I saw all the churches of any note. Of course the Duomo is indescribable—so imposing, magnificent, devotional! It is constantly undergoing repairs. Three architects are employed in its care and completion, and one of these must visit it every day. The original plan—author unknown—is in their possession. It will require at least two hundred years to finish it. Statues and monuments are being ever added, the means coming largely from the offerings of visitors.

Napoleon the First did much for this Cathedral, first by way of restitution and secondly by way of his own glory, apparently. The finest statue on the roof is one of him and, as this is the only statue there not of a saint, he is spoken of in this connection as “the devil among the saints.” But indeed the Napoleons have done much for this and other cities of Italy.

VENICE.

September 30, 1887.

No place equal to Venice for perfect rest! Nothing but the sky above and the water at one's feet, with the gondolas moving noiselessly along. I spent an unequalled evening sitting on the piazza of the hotel, listening to music—vocal and instrumental—by artists in a gondola a few rods away. I could not help feeling that it was good for me to be here, to know how



## *Bishop Bradley*

thoroughly the mind can be raised from earth to heaven when occasion offers, and to know that the soul has aspirations capable of being elevated to God by God's own creatures.

Visited the palace of the Doges. Here are evidences of their strong faith and their submission to God's representatives, evidences too of their terribly impartial tyranny. Portraits of one hundred and twenty Doges adorn the council hall. Only one space is vacant. That is painted deep and dark with the name of the man whose portrait should adorn it, and the dreadful word—traitor! How much should one dread being thus marked as against his God!

ROME.

October 8, 1887.

At six o'clock this evening I was received in private audience by the Holy Father. Wonderful to say, he remembered having seen me as a priest eight years since. He is physically very feeble, but his intellect, speaking through his eye, his gesture, his words, tell of the strong man mentally. He was most agreeable and easy of manner, and seemed pleased at what I had to say of my diocese. He was delighted with the jubilee offering of the diocese—15,577 lire—which he considered a striking evidence of the faith of our people. He was eloquent in speaking of the trials of the Church, contrasting Rome of this day with Rome of fifty years ago when he said his first Mass.

"The Vicar of Christ," he said, "is a prisoner, and can do nothing but sit here and write encyclicals."

## *Interior Life*

“And,” I added, “magnificent encyclicals they are, Holy Father!”

He is most happy at the gifts being made to him for his jubilee. It is overpowering to find one's self so near to him who is the direct mouthpiece and representative of Christ on earth. He blessed and indulgenced many objects for me. I asked him to receive and bless Fr. H—— and Mr. C——, who had accompanied me as far as the waiting-room. He consented, and received them most cordially.

ROME.

October 16, 1887.

To-day I assisted, by invitation of the Holy Father, at the reception given to the pilgrimage of working-men from France—two thousand in number. It was something not to be forgotten, that scene of the aged, infirm Vicar of Christ standing in his spotless robe and addressing these honest, earnest children of the Church; to hear him tell of the trials of the Church, of the snares placed for her children; to hear him, as one having authority, point out the evils and the remedies; and then to see him, hear him, bless them and their families, their society, their leaders, and their beloved France!

In January, 1891, when the Bishop was ordered to Florida after an attack of the grippe, he wrote:

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL,  
Norfolk, Virginia.

You see I am not in Florida. One can get there only by travelling in the cars at night. I feel un-

## *Bishop Bradley*

equal to a journey of that kind, and have determined to remain here. The weather is fair, and I am comfortable. After ten or fifteen days, I will turn my face homeward, *D. V.*, moving slowly. I am feeling more like myself and, with God's help, will be very well after a few days. *Entre nous*, however, I left home too soon and made too long a journey in a short time. I have never felt as I did on Tuesday and Wednesday: my mind was constantly on home; I was very weak, fatigued by the journey and by sleeping in a strange room every night. On waking in the morning, my first act was involuntarily to turn towards the door of the room to see if my mother was at her usual place, looking. I had almost determined at any cost to return home at once. But God is everywhere, and we are always in His keeping, and I will wait a while. Home, however, is, in my opinion, the best place for those who are not well.

In reply to a letter of condolence on the death of his mother he wrote:

MANCHESTER, N. H.

May 27, 1900.

*My dear Child:*

I thank you most sincerely for your cordial words of sympathy and for your spiritual bouquet so beautifully gathered and offered for the repose of my good mother's soul.

While nature very properly asserts itself on occasions of this kind, I have to say that I have much to counteract its demands. The memories of my dear

## *Interior Life*

mother, from the moment I was capable of discerning to the moment when I received her last sigh and pronounced the words of absolution as that sigh was heard, have been such that I see in them nothing that I could wish otherwise.

No one knew her as I knew her, and she desired no one else to know her. A recluse in his cell could be no farther removed from the world than she was, except from that world which was composed of what her special station in it required. Moreover, I have for many years prayed God to grant that I might survive her and that I might not be absent from home at the time of her death. I thank Him that in this and much more He has heard me, unworthy that I am.

Asking a continuance of your good prayers for the departed and the survivor, etc.









## CHAPTER X.

### LAST DAYS.

The early morning worshippers on their way to Sunday Mass heard the cathedral bells tolling, and, even before the sad news was announced to the assembled congregation, they knew that the soul of their well-beloved bishop had passed to God. Two weeks before, he had taken to his bed; three days previous, he had received the sacrament of Extreme Unction. But neither he nor those around him foresaw that the end was so near. It is true he had been failing for two years, yet he thought he was only fatigued,—that a little rest and quiet would make him well again. Rest, indeed, he was to have, but it was the rest of life eternal.

Ever since Easter Sunday it had been evident that he was failing. Younger members of his clergy talked anxiously among themselves of his condition, some of their older brethren even remonstrated with the bishop himself and urged him to give up at least his more arduous duties. In vain they pleaded. He had promised his life for God's work, and to the last moment he would be faithful to his pledge. So all through the spring and summer he went about from one end of the diocese to the other on his usual round of visitations,—confirming, hearing confessions, preaching. Late in the fall, he made out his schedule of this work for the next year, together with an outline of subject-

## *Bishop Bradley*

matter for retreats and conferences, and this had already been sent to his priests before his summons came.

On Sunday, November 29, the bishop was obliged to rest several times during his Mass, and was completely exhausted at its close. In another day or two he took to his bed, and sent for his cousin, a trained nurse in the Order of Mercy, who at once assumed charge of the distinguished patient and for the next two weeks never left his bedside day or night. An anxious week followed, but the doctors held out hope. On Thursday of the next week it was thought best to administer Extreme Unction. This was done by the Rt. Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan, vicar-general of the diocese, and a slight improvement followed.

Even at this time the bishop did not realize the gravity of his sickness. He had no thought for himself, but every care for those about him. Not one impatient word escaped his lips, no frown crossed his brow. "I fear," he said once, "that if I get well I shall never be strong again. But if God has work that he wants me to do even so, well and good; if he wishes to take me, I am ready the moment he calls." Although no visitors were admitted, and all matters of business were kept from him, he gave minute directions about certain affairs that should be attended to, and asked that some documents be brought for his signature. One of these, an insurance paper intrusted to him for collection by a poor woman, he repeatedly called for. "Perhaps you will be stronger to-morrow," the Sister would reply. Finally, the forenoon before he died, he said, "Unless that paper is signed

## *Last Days*

to-day, that poor woman will be put to great inconvenience. Bring it to me. She must not suffer on my account." It was brought, and with much difficulty he affixed his signature.

That afternoon, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston saw him for a few moments. He brightened during the visit, but sank immediately after. Again he rallied, and it was not until evening that hope was abandoned. Then, with all gentleness, the sorrowing Sister told him that he must die. "Do you think so?" he asked. "I had not supposed it would be so soon, but God's holy will be done!" The priests of his household were soon gathered about his bed, and the other watchers knelt in an adjoining room, while his secretary and chancellor gave the last blessing, the sick man following the prayers closely and uttering the responses himself.

The next scene was one never to be forgotten by those who participated in it. One by one the dying prelate called each priest to his bedside, gave him some little object of devotion from his study or chamber, blessed him, said a parting word, and asked a remembrance in his prayers. The same he did in turn to the Sisters of Mercy who were watching that night, to the servants, to the doctors,—all were remembered. Even the specialist in Boston was not forgotten—"Be sure to tell him I thank him,"—he said to one of his own physicians. To his rector he confided the care of his flock, saying, "Be good to them, they are good people." He made a few last requests, asking among other things that a memorial cross be placed in the

## *Bishop Bradley*

little plot before the chapel door, so that his people, seeing it, would offer a prayer for his soul. Then he took his last farewell of Sister Ursula and of his two nieces, whom he had so fondly cherished. All then knelt, and the prayers for the dying were recited, the bishop listening attentively and repeating fervently, "Lord, have mercy on me!" "Holy Mary, pray for me!" These finished, he turned again to the priests: "You are good priests and good people. May God keep you so."

The Blessed Eucharist was brought in solemn procession from the house chapel, and administered as a viaticum just after the midnight hour had struck. Having received the Host, the bishop closed his eyes as if in sleep, the only one of all that company unmoved. So overcome with grief were the others that one after another had to leave the room lest the sounds of weeping should disturb him, and for a little while he was left alone with Sister Ursula. All was quiet. By and by he opened his eyes.

"What time is it, my child?"

"After twelve, Bishop,—nearly one."

"It is Sunday morning, then?"

"Yes, Bishop, Sunday morning."

Folding his hands on his breast, he spoke aloud: "My God, I can not say my Mass this morning. I have always offered it on Sunday for my people, but I can not do so to-day. Send thou thine only Son, Christ Jesus our Lord. Let Him be the priest and offer Himself for my people." The last words were almost a whisper.

## *Last Days*

"One of the priests is coming to say some prayers for you," the Sister said. He smiled assent, then lay quite still. An hour later he spoke for the last time: "My God, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and at half-past two that spirit passed to its Maker.

Until Wednesday the body of the dead prelate lay in the cathedral residence. From early morning until late at night each day an unbroken line of people filed in and out to look upon his face, even holier in death than in life. Little children knelt to offer their pure prayers; aged men and women wept for the life they would have given theirs to keep; rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant—it seemed as though all the city passed by his bier. On Wednesday afternoon, the body was removed to the cathedral, where, clad in full pontifical robes, with the mitre on its head, it lay in state in front of the main altar, on a high catafalque draped in purple and black. It was guarded here, as it had been at the house, by a detail of the Sheridan Guards and by the various societies of the church.

The funeral took place at half-past ten o'clock on Thursday morning. For two hours before, the streets about the cathedral were dense with people, who waited silent and almost motionless. Ten minutes after the doors were opened, every available space was occupied, yet thousands still stood in the cold, bleak air, vainly hoping for admittance.

Never before did Manchester so generally take part in a funeral service. Business everywhere was suspended. Mills, public schools, all federal, municipal, and private establishments were closed during the



## *Bishop Bradley*

hours of service, and precisely at twelve o'clock every electric car in the city came to a standstill for two minutes. The governor of the state and his staff were among the congregation; so were the mayor and the members of the city government, agents of the mills, officers of the board of trade, nearly all the ministers of the various Protestant denominations, and prominent laymen from every walk in life and from every part of the state. In pews near the altar were representatives of the different religious houses throughout the diocese and many from orders outside the diocese, the bishop's nieces, the faithful Sister who had been with him during his illness, and the servants of the episcopal household.

Within the sanctuary, when the clergymen had assembled for the services, were an archbishop, seven bishops, five monsignori, four vicars-general, several directors of seminaries and colleges, and two hundred and fifty priests. The pontifical Mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D. D., Bishop of Springfield, and the eulogy was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., Bishop of Providence. At the close of the Mass, the absolutions were given as usual by five bishops, the last being pronounced by the Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D., Archbishop of Boston. Then the clergymen, carrying lighted candles and preceded by acolytes and cross-bearer, passed down the center aisle. As the last in the long line went by the casket, the lid was closed. Ten sturdy members of the Sheridan Guards lifted the casket to their shoulders and, amid a silence unbroken

## *Last Days*

except by the tramp of their own feet and the sobs of the vast congregation, bore it to the basement of the church, where it was placed on a low catafalque. In presence only of immediate relatives, members of religious orders in the city, and the clergy, the Benedictus was sung, the last prayers said, and the body of the saintly prelate was placed in the crypt he had himself prepared.

There, beneath the church that he loved so well, the remains of the first bishop of Manchester lie apart and alone. But it is the pious hope and belief of his people that long before the marble slab had sealed the entrance to his tomb, his soul had gained admission into that other Temple, where

“Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,  
The very pavement is made up of life—  
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,  
Who hymn their Maker’s praise continually.”







## CHAPTER XI.

### WATCHWORDS.

*Selections from Bishop Bradley's Sermons and Conferences.*



God speaks only to the pure in heart.



He whom God sustains walks securely.



Let the good Lord be King in our households.



Let us lean more on God and less on ourselves.



We must be selfish where the soul is concerned.



Man secures or loses Heaven by his own free acts.



Fidelity to the Creator begets fidelity to the creature.



A soul in mortal sin! God has no part in it but to keep it alive.



It is one thing to receive a grace, quite another thing to use it.



## *Bishop Bradley*

If you are thoroughly religious, you will be thoroughly courteous.



High and low appreciate the smile and good word of sincere interest.



Religion gives birth to cultivation, rather than cultivation to religion.



The heart of a saint has often revealed itself under a clean calico dress.



The good soldier of Christ shows no fatigue when duty calls for action.



Live for God. Do every day something that will profit you for eternity.



Speak of the faults of others only when some good is to be wrought thereby.



The way of true and solid virtue is the way of doing well whatever we have to do.



Stand on principle. God is principle—religion is principle—duty is principle.

## *Watch words*

Do every act for God, and in his presence; for only what is done for Him will be rewarded.



A woman of pure, simple, upright character is the gem of the earth, dear to the eyes of God.



What gives character to my action is my intention. This intention can be known only to God and to me.



We may know, we may talk, we may think, about God, but what will that avail us? We must act for Him.



The man of one book is a spiritual man. The "Spiritual Combat" is, in my opinion, of all books the best.



A man of wealth may unfortunately be poor in virtue. Social position is not always the measure of true nobility.



We can not serve God by nervousness. When we have done what we could, we must not let our peace be disturbed.



If there were less gossip, there would be more earnest soul work. We can not gossip with God. His ear is not opened to it.

## *Bishop Bradley*

The old rule, "Bear and forbear," is a very excellent one: bearing the defects of others, giving them nothing to bear from us.



Let us show ourselves worthy of our title and privilege by making the teachings of our holy faith the guide of our daily lives.



We must be so "full of grace," *i. e.*, so pleasing to God, that we shall make his service loving and lovable. This will come from prayer.



When you have nothing else to offer the poor or the suffering, say gentle, comforting words to them: kindness means more than gold to them.



Idle thoughts tend to weaken the strength of our will and our resolutions. God has as much claim to our thoughts as to our words and acts.



Our thoughts are usually centered on what we read or hear; hence, if our reading and conversation have been edifying, our thoughts are ordinarily good.



We have a tower to build, the tower of our salvation; and we should raise it so high that we shall be able to step, as it were, from its summit right into heaven.

## Watch words

We must not so give ourselves in one direction as to be unmindful of what is due in other directions. Such intensity is a needless exhaustion or expenditure of strength.



We often weary in the care of our souls, and why? It is because we are not in earnest about being saints. Earnestness in the pursuit of sanctity does not tire; it exhilarates.



Once, after the delirium of an illness, Daniel Webster asked: "Did I say anything unworthy of Webster?" We should ask ourselves, "Is this worthy of a Christian?"



Humility is a real diffidence in self, but a diffidence so genuine that, accompanied by confidence in God, it fears not to undertake and to do great things for His honor and glory.



We should, like Mary Magdalen, become so familiar with our Lord that when He calls us we too shall recognize His voice at once, and answer simply, *Rabboni!* "Master mine!"



Lying in fun—telling untruths which every one recognizes as such—engenders a habit of insincerity. "Putting two and two together" may be a very serious way of sinning against the truth.

## *Bishop Bradley*

We should do our duties as if everything depended on us alone. We shall be called "mad," but our example will have its effect, and by and by we shall have a great many "mad" people about us.



Why should we make our troubles trouble every one? Why should others have to experience our bad tempers? If we were only a little mortified, we should forget ourselves and try to make others happy.



We can serve the Church in no better way than by exemplifying the beauty of her teaching in a faithful following-out of her laws and precepts, thus proving in the face of the world that our religion makes us better men and better citizens.



If there is a picture that I love to contemplate, it is that of the man who reads regularly his New Testament, not for the purpose of finding therein arguments for contention, but for the purpose of seeing what our great model Jesus Christ said and did.



The shepherds, and perhaps—yes, certainly—the magi, went away and talked of what they had seen in the stable at Bethlehem, but our Blessed Lady uttered no recorded words. She "kept them all in her heart." It is not by much talking that God is chiefly served.

## *Watch words*

When we ignore God, we substitute something for him. The idol ordinarily substituted is self or passion, and hence follows infidelity to the family, to society, to the state; for the person who is false to God can not, in the best sense, be true to his fellow man.



Beware of so-called liberalism. Toleration and liberalism are not synonymous. Liberalism in matters where truth is concerned, is a contradiction in terms. There can be no compromise where what God has revealed and the Church proposes to our belief, is concerned—and what the Church proposes is what God has revealed.



When we find others unpromising subjects for advance in sanctity, the fault is often in ourselves. Some unreasoning prejudice makes us so regard them. We do not look below the surface. We consider manners, even tidiness. Oh, did we but know the gift of God, we would ask and we should obtain the precious waters of grace for ourselves and for others!



I can not see how the uncharitable person can have any peace of mind. Since he is incapable of attributing good motives to others, he does not imagine that they can attribute any to him. He can not conceive that they may say pleasant things of him in his absence. He can not conceive that God has made an open, generous soul, because his own is such a fountain of gall and venom.



## *Bishop Bradley*

Affection consists in the spirit which prompts us to love our friend as we do ourselves, and with the superior part of our soul—what the precept of charity requires, but in a more intensified and individual manner. That affection can not be harmful which does not so occupy the mind as to interfere with duty; which is, in its nature, what it should be; which serves as a means to make us good.



If men would bear in mind that their kingdom, their happiness, can not be established by aught or by all that the world can give, that their true happiness is to be found only in the kingdom which is not of the earth, that there is an accounting day after each one's earthly career is finished,—then there would be on the one hand less greed, more forbearance, more sympathy, more evidence that man believes his neighbor, like himself, is made unto God's image and likeness; on the other hand there would be more fidelity, more respect, more submission, more hearty co-operation.









D., M.H.  
The life of Denis M.  
Bradley.

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